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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS



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194 *THE KING OF TANG. — A REQUIEM FOR LOVE.*

A KING OF TANG.

BY WANG PO.  
(A. D. 648-676)

There looms a lordly pleasure-tower  
o'er yon dim shore,  
Raised by some King of Tang.  
Jade pendants at his girdle clashed,  
and golden bells  
Around his chariot rang.

Strange guests through sounding halls  
at dawn go trailing by—  
Gray mists and mocking winds;  
And sullen brooding twilights break in  
rain on rain  
To lash the ragged blinds.

The slow sun-dappled clouds lean down  
o'er waters blue,  
Clear mirrored one by one.  
Then drift as all the world shall drift.  
The very stars  
Their timeless courses run.

How many autumn moons have steeped  
those palace walls!  
And paled the shattered beams!  
What is their royal builder now? A  
lord of dust?  
An emperor of dreams?

*Translated by L. Cranmer-Byng.*  
*The English Review.*

A REQUIEM FOR LOVE.

The roses of resplendent youth are  
dead,  
Hushed is the music and the lights  
burn dim,  
The guests are gone, their brows un-  
garlanded:  
Love sleeps alone, and none remem-  
ber him.

Here, by the uncurtained windows,  
watch with me,  
Sing we Love's requiem while our  
hearts are young;  
Life's master-singer and her lord was  
he,  
Let no man say that Love shall pass  
unsung.

Uplift the lyre that faltered from his  
hand,  
Let rose and violet, and the mystic  
blue

With laden lilies from his lovely land  
Deck for this gracious dead a goodly  
shrine.

And sing with me a song of Love in  
life,  
A song of Love in life while Love  
lies dead;  
Take thou his lyre, its crimson-hearted  
strife  
Smite into sorrow while we guard  
his bed.

Sing of his setting forth, at break of  
day,  
Love in his splendor, Love the un-  
defiled,  
So sweet a stranger, all men bade him  
stay,  
For all men rose to welcome Love,  
the Child.

Sing how he rode at noon-day, Love,  
the King,  
Whom lone earth hailed as of the  
gods above;  
Sing of his sweetness, ay and sweetly  
sing  
The Banquet where he made us  
guests of Love.

Sing of his passing, terrible and swift,  
How, when the minstrelsy was at its  
height,  
The high gods sent him, strangely.  
Death, their gift,  
And changed his splendid day to  
splendid night.

Comfort Love's sleep with singing, it  
may be  
Far in the moonlit mansions he shall  
hear  
Echoes of earth and wing him back to  
thee,  
To thee and me and all who hold  
him dear.

Oh! watch and weep with me where  
Love lies dead,  
None shall wake him, none may hurt  
nor scorn . . .  
Love that was lordly in his youth lies  
dead,  
Ah! Love lies dead and memory is  
born.

*Ethel Ashton Edwards.*  
*The Contemporary Review.*

## A FORTNIGHT IN SEOUL.

Some traveller, much depressed I imagine, by what he had seen in Corea, declared that country to be the "back-water of the world." Perhaps he was right, for a backwater is not by any means a place of calm waters. If you watch the leaves and twigs that have gotten into it by misadventure, you will see what a commotion they are in—how they spin round and round on the eddies, jostling one another, making most lifelike efforts to escape into the free stream that has so recklessly cast them aside. A backwater may be a very dangerous place; and if it is a political backwater, the human leaves and twigs are apt to get giddy with the endless, purposeless whirling, and sometimes catastrophic collisions result, and afterwards sinking in the pool. Yes, Corea, in spite of its traditional "morning calm," has been very much of a backwater in this sense, and all the dangerous potentialities of such a state of things have come about, the whirling, the jostling, and the sinking at one time following one another with startling rapidity. But that was four years ago at least—an infinity of time, judging by the number of strange things which were compressed into it; and I have to talk of the Corea of to-day, when potent influences for good have been at work—influences which have cleared things away a little, and allowed the stream of life to run into it almost as if it were any ordinary reach in the river of political existence.

But still Corea for many is at the "back of the world," and its position on the map almost as ill-defined mentally as that of Formosa. Mental geography is not an Englishman's strong point, despite the fact that the curriculum which our mothers survived included that mysterious item, the "use of the globes." I do not suppose,

however, that any other nation can boast of more scientific teaching of the subject than we ourselves, although nearly all internationally political problems are bottomed in geography. Certainly Far-Eastern questions cannot begin to be understood without an intimate knowledge of the geography of the localities wherein they breed. To put this matter in the most abstract way possible: there are many principles affecting nations, legal principles properly so called (for the Courts would act upon them if the rights of individuals came into question by reason of them), which depend entirely on geographical considerations, which in their turn depend on geological formations, and which vary as those conditions or formations vary. Even in so familiar a question as the "territorial waters" and what we call the "three-mile limit," there is no settled rule; and so great an American Judge as Chief Justice Marshall declared that what is sufficient for one State need not of necessity be sufficient for another; that what is convenient for an island may be altogether inconvenient for a country with a large extent of coast-line. This is not a prelude to a disquisition on international law, but an emphasis on the necessity of appreciating the place which geography holds in the questions which vex the world. Geographical position and geological formation must exercise a legitimate influence on a country's policy; and what one nation would not dream of attempting another nation may be bound to do by reason thereof.

The mere mention of Corea, more especially in these last days when the cold-blooded murder of Prince Ito has directed so much public attention to it, brings to mind that war of giants which ended in the Japanese protect-

orate over the Hermit Kingdom being recognized by the Powers, and all the political questions which preceded it. Not one detail of those questions can be properly appreciated unless the geography of that far corner of the world is accurately known. So, though I am only going to talk non-politically, giving a little record of a fortnight's holiday in Seoul, jotting things down in the traveller's way, I shall start by making its geographical position clear to my readers. If knowing where Corea is should help any to a more accurate appreciation of the political situation, so much the better.

Starting, then, from Kobe by the night train, by eight o'clock next morning you arrive at Miyajima, the beautiful sacred island where the deer run tame, and where the charms of the Inland Sea first get hold of you. Interesting specially now, for Prince Ito on his journey to Corea always halted there to worship at the shrines. Thence the journey by day to Shimonoseki, along the shores of the sea, with fertile lands and prosperous villages on the right hand, is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. You cannot see all the much-vaunted beauties of the Inland Sea from the deck of a steamer; a very little distance seems to swallow them up. They must be seen close at hand; you must, as it were, enter into them, be part of them, to appreciate them. Alas that you may not photograph them! for the railways in Japan are within the prohibited area, and if you wish to retain possession of your kodak, it had best remain in its case. At Shimonoseki you are only a few hours away from Corea, a short night's journey—a "double cannon-shot," to use an old-world legal phrase, that is all. The steamer leaves at ten, and before sunrise the anchor is down in Fusan Bay, and the bustle of landing passengers has already begun.

The morning calm had already, for

the space of an hour or more, spread over the land when the launch brought us to the shore; for the people, the Korean people, of course, not the busy little Japanese, had apparently done all the moving about that had to be done, and had settled down to the business of the day—contemplation. There were figures in white robes and black gauze hats standing on or lolling against the sea-wall; we could see them in the distance in the bright clear air from the launch; and as we neared the shore we could see that their hands were grasped in-sleeve fashion or clasped behind the back. But they never moved—simply stood or lolled. Nor did they move during the hour or more which was occupied by the landing, while the luggage was carried to the station by little ragged urchins, who scrambled for coppers enough to give them a morning's gamble, with perhaps a few left for a fragmentary meal. They were contemplating what such busy people should hope to do in so sleepy a place as Corea, and with so much luggage! I cannot say that they watched what was going on, for that supposes some activity of mind: would inevitably have produced some caustic remarks, could their thoughts have been translated into language; so I must content myself with saying that they were present while the bustle of landing was in progress. But they never moved. And when the landing was finished, peace restored to the place, and we were all aboard the train and steaming out of the station, I gave one parting look—they were standing there still, white-robed, gauze-hatted, with folded or clasped hands, in the bright morning, contemplating.

Later, as the train sped on towards Seoul, I saw many of these same people apparently—for all good Koreans dress alike, and are somewhat indistinguishable—moving about in the landscape. But as it was with their standing still.



so it was with their moving about; they seemed to do it for other motives than the rest of the world. They seemed to have no special object in view, nor did any reason manifest itself why they should move about rather than stand still. It is true they were walking in what one must call, for the sake of calling it something, the fields, some of them even with a bullock; but whether driving, or leading, or following it, remained part of the lifeless mystery of the place, for they were really doing what those others on the sea-wall at Fusan had been doing, contemplating. Whence they came or whither going was undiscoverable, and the motions of walking seemingly purposeless, except perhaps that it assisted somewhat in the consumption of tobacco, for the pipe is with the Korean always. But why they should be walking was the puzzle, for on the dun-brown landscape there seemed to be no earthly place they could have come from, nor any in sight which could possibly deserve to be called a destination. Those who had no bullocks to attract their attention simply walked, as the others had stood, white-robed, gauze-hatted, with hands clasped in sleeve, in the calm bright morning, contemplating.

Presently, when eyes had gotten accustomed to the universal brown of the autumn, they noticed certain bump-like excrescences far away in the landscape; and as the train sped on, the car of civilization shrieking down this primitive world, we passed some of them quite close, and realized that these bumps were hovels, and the aggregations of them villages, with people living in them, smoking, and contemplating. So it became clear that the walkers had come from and were making for some such hovels as these, and really had some motive for what they were doing.

The habitation of the Korean peasant

is a veritable hovel: low, with thick overhanging thatch, looking more like a gigantic mushroom than anything else; and in the villages they are packed close together, with barely standing-room between. Yet the Korean thinks he has solved some of the problems of existence quite cleverly—certainly in a way quite different from that usually adopted by other folk. Thus, in the simple matter of protecting himself, or rather his valuable gauze hat, from the rain, he carries a conical palm-leaf covering neatly folded in his pocket, so that when the rain comes it is always ready to be opened and put on the hat; in this way the arm-aching business of holding up an umbrella is avoided, and hands are free for the more useful purpose of pipe-carrying, or may return to clasp each other once more. The girls are even cleverer, for they carry a real umbrella; but they fasten it on to their hats, so that their hands are also free for their normal purpose of carrying something. In the way of warming his hovel, too, the Korean is quite original. The fire is low down on the floor, and spreads its heat underneath it; and the chimney is in the wall, quite close to the ground. This adds to the amount of smoke in the streets, but that is a trifle; the great object of a Korean householder's life is economy of fuel, for wood is very expensive. Where it comes from is another of the many puzzles which perplex you in the early days of your visit, for round Seoul the country is so denuded that you can almost count the trees on your fingers. But there is an almost endless train of bullocks and diminutive ponies coming into the city by the Pekin Gate, bringing in wood from the north to the large open spaces in the city which serve for fuel markets. The floors of the hovels are covered with a thick tough paper, and the mat-bed upon the floor is always warm. When you have

at last taken all this in, the reason why you did not recognize those clumps of hovels as human habitations is clear: there were no chimneys, nor any wreathing smoke in the air, and you begin to realize that the Korean was wiser than the Early Briton, who, if the history we learnt at school is true, allowed the smoke of his fire to escape through a hole in the roof. The hole low down in the wall is distinctly preferable.

In the landscape through which the train is still speeding there are other strange-looking bumps, and they too have no distinguishing features to suggest what they are. In some places there are bumps by the hundred, in the outskirts of Seoul by the hundred thousand. Those are the graves of departed Koreans—unnamed, unnumbered, undistinguishable one from the other, and the dead forgotten. Only where the tenant of the grave is of noble family a few protecting pine trees stand to guard his resting-place. The Imperial tombs are mounds of the same shape, but much larger and these are guarded by stone abbots and rams—perchance the sacrificial ram. Yet with all the oblivion which seems to surround the dead, the hills which are Nature's graveyards are sacred, and the forced disturbance of them when roads were of imperious necessity to the living caused at one time much difficulty to the Japanese Government.

By-and-by we came to a wayside station, where there were people moving, actually hurrying about, getting in and out of the train, and generally giving signs of being busily alive. Then on again into the all-pervading brownness. I have been told that it is quite different when the crops are on the land—that the country is verdant and smiling, the people more purposeful in their coming and going, and that all is fair to look upon; even the environing hills are said to have color and a beauty

of their own. I would fain believe it; but for plain unvarnished ugliness and lack of interest the first sight of Korea in the autumn beats anything I have ever seen; it needs all the brightness of the sky—and that is surpassingly clear and blue—to make up for it. It all looks so barren that the prevailing sadness of the people may be at once accounted for. As for the hills, they seem to be all rocks; that you have but to scratch the soil for the granite to appear.

One thing arrests the traveller's attention at once—the parcelling of the ground into small holdings, which was unlike any other parcelling I had ever seen; so irregular and fantastic was it that one wondered by what strange means it could have come into existence. Sometimes the partitioning mounds did attempt, with more or less success, to follow the contour of some undulating ground; but, apart from this, they appeared to have been drawn at random, each man taking what seemed to him sufficient for his needs, without any controlling authority, and quite regardless of the needs of other people. Some must have had, let us say, the Korean equivalent for a rod, pole, or perch; others double perhaps, though not often; others not so much as half; while some seemed to have perforce been content with a rood or so, with hardly room to turn a furrow. Then, again, the shapes of the allotments, or whatever they were originally, were infinite in variety; some were long and some were short, some were square, some rhomboidal and some were no shape at all, being a mere *contenu* resulting from other people's lines being drawn anyhow. If there had been a plan in the beginning of things, I imagined it fantastically somewhat in this wise. The headman must have summoned the members of the village community with their bullocks and ploughs, and drawn them up

in line some fifteen feet apart, starting from the mountain. Then he must have told them that each was to have so much land for himself as lay between the furrow drawn by his own plough and that of his neighbor, and so must have given the word "Go." What a straining there must have been by every man to get more than his due. The man next the mountain manifestly bent his line out of the straight at once, fetching a goodly compass to his left, pressing number two to do the same, and he in his turn pressing number three farther and farther out of the straight. And the same process was probably going on at the other end of the line, so that those in the middle got squeezed out of existence altogether, and others had to put up with the tiniest scrap of earth imaginable. There is one small tract of land about an hour's journey from Seoul, where all these meandering lines are straightened out, and the allotments are as regular as in Japan itself. But this is the little region governed by Dr. Kondo, the Director of the *Station Agronomique*, of which I spoke in January.<sup>1</sup>

And so at last to Seoul, which I find it almost impossible adequately to describe. The features one looks for first in an eastern city are its walls and gates; and at Seoul the storied gates are peculiarly fascinating, worth a day's study to themselves. There is, of course, a Chinese look about them, but there is something specially characteristic of them which is Korean. The Hermit Kingdom in times gone by had distinct ideas of its own, not only in connection with such matters as the heating of houses and protecting hats from the rain; it also must have had some very definite views on art. What influence Korea had on the art of China as it passed through on its way to Japan is hard to define; but there can be no doubt that it had some which

is worth more than a passing thought. The one that passes through my mind as I write is that the softer nature of the Koreans must have mitigated the severities and angularities of Chinese art, and so prepared the way for the smooth draughtsmen of Japan.

The influence of the music of the Koreans was accepted deliberately; for, having conquered their country, most reliable tradition ascribes to the Empress Jingo the wisdom of taking musicians as hostages to Japan, and their instruments as tribute. Afterwards there seems to have been a voluntary exodus of musicians from Korea into Japan; and it is recorded that they taught the use of many new instruments, and much novel and delightful music.

But I must once more enter Seoul by the gates, and describe the wall. One's idea of a city wall is that it girdles the city, compressing the streets into the smallest compass imaginable, and promoting the greatest possible discomfort to the citizens, whose one idea must be to escape and build them houses *extra muros*. But in Korea things are worked out somewhat differently. The wall of Seoul encompasses a vast area beyond the city, and wanders off into the adjoining hills, till it is lost to sight among the rocks, reappearing again on the distant sky-line. Why it should do so does not at first sight appear; for it would seem to render the task of the defenders a hundred times more difficult, that of the attacking force infinitely easy; for their warriors, so a simple Western would think, could pass over those walls at a thousand unprotected places, and, permeating the intervening country, would have Seoul at their mercy. Presently I will tell a pleasant little story of how such an attack was repulsed by deeds of daring.

Save for the Consulates, erstwhile Legations, the city itself is full of low

<sup>1</sup>"The Ito Legend." *The Living Age*, Feb. 19.

houses; only in the Japanese quarter are there shops and buildings in Eurasian style of architecture. But the broad roads, many of them leading to a palace gate, relieve it from monotony; and when they are crowded with white-robed Koreans I know few streets so picturesque as those of Seoul, or so delightful to wander in, kodak in hand, like the veriest tourist. Even in the capital the Korean does not abandon his contemplative habit, both stationary at doors and street corners, and ambulatory. But the city is not without life, if only for the strings of ponies and buffaloes with their packs of wood and vegetables coming and going to the market places. And then there are the processions, which, as I have said before, the Korean loves. For ten days it simply "rained processions," as the French would say, and Seoul was very gay with bunting; the crossed flags of Korea and Japan being at every door, arranged in that simple style of Japanese street decoration which is far more effective than any Venetian masts and strings of parti-colored banners. There was much changing of Imperial residences. For reasons political, with which I have nothing to do, but which those who are learned in the *haute politique* of Korea will have no difficulty in appreciating, the new Emperor moved from his old palace to the East Palace, and the ex-Emperor in his turn moved from his residence to the new Emperor's old palace, in quite Ollendorffian fashion. The Emperor's removal was a pageant; there were the 17th Regiment of Japanese Lancers, with gay pennons, sturdy little veterans of some five-and-twenty summers, all with many medals testifying to doughty deeds performed during the war; the Korean Gendarmes; the Ministry, in much-gold-laced uniforms; a crowd of Korean gentry in top hats and frock-coats; Court carriages with ladies-in-waiting in most picturesque

robes; the Emperor in khaki uniform, with the Empress by his side—for the first time in Korean annals—in a gilded coach; high ceremonial functionaries; a crowd of eunuchs and running footmen, couriers and servitors, in a heterogeneous mass; more lancers; and last the little Crown Prince with his aide-de-camp, sitting very upright indeed in a coach of his own, also in khaki, acknowledging the greetings of the crowd in his own quite military fashion, and evidently mightily enjoying his share of the show. The ex-Emperor's removal was characterized by somewhat less ceremony, but the procession was gay with uniforms and lancers' pennons. There was somewhat less gold on his coach, to which, in spite of brown velvet uniform and many orders, he went in his chair of state carried by many bearers and beneath the shade of his sacred yellow umbrella, so difficult is it to slough off the old custom. The Lady Om accompanied her lord in her closed chair, carried apparently by about fifty men, so numerous were the runners hurrying beside it. These different changes of residences involved numerous minor ones, visits of ceremony: of the Crown Prince to his father, the ex-Emperor; of the ex-Emperor to his eldest son, the new Emperor (the Ollendorffian turn of sentence is almost unavoidable); and of the Resident-General with his brilliant staff to the new Emperor; the official object of these being to inquire if everybody was satisfied with the new quarters and found the new arrangements to their liking. Whether these exalted personages were satisfied or not, all the processions were very much to the liking of the Korean in the street.

The Korean in the street is, as I have said, always dressed in white: it is the sign of mourning for the past greatness of his country, in which he is a firm believer. He dreams and folds his arms in the sleeves of the white

robe and ponders on his nation's story. At one time, not very long before the war, the vanished past flickered into life once more. Independence is so fine a thing that he built a triumphal arch in honor of its return, when it was guaranteed to him in the early stages of the wrangle over his body. It stands in the broad way which leads to the cleft in the rocks called the Pekin Gate, through which many hundreds of men and beasts pass to and fro every day. The arch is large by comparison with the surrounding hovels—almost towers above them. But it shows signs of the rough blows of time, and there is a great crack in it already. Close by is a low wooden building where the young Korean of the advanced type meets and talks of future independence, and where trouble is brewing every day.

But the Korean woman is, unlike her husband, no dreamer. The busy folk in the streets are the women; and their green dresses give them color which they somewhat lack. They wear the coat over the head with loose sleeves hanging down, in the manner of the "Woman of Samaria" in the picture, and there is a little tradition concerning this dress which is worth telling, for only the women of Seoul may wear it. It happened long ago that an enemy was preparing to swoop down upon the city, and news of the invasion came at the time when all the men were busy in the mountains beyond the walls gathering wood for winter fuel. Then the women took their husbands' muskets, and with one accord went to those ramparts I have told of to do what they might in defence of hearth and home. The enemy for all his cunning in selecting so propitious a time of day for his attack was outwitted by the women; for they covered their heads with their mantles and showed only forehead-high above the walls. Then, seeing so vast and

unexpected a crowd of defenders, the invader turned and departed by the way he had come. Thus it came about that when the men came home they found everything as peaceful as when they went to their work in the morning, and listened wondering to the tale. Then it was decreed that for ever *thenceforward* the women of Seoul should wear their green coats in this strange fashion, and it is the code of honor of all other women that this right should be respected. The story of the gay hussar's jacket and hanging sleeve—alas! no more in British regiments—finds its anti-type in this far-off country.

I feel that my protagonist, the imaginary critic, is being sadly neglected all this time. He deserves more than a passing notice, for he afforded me some entertainment at breakfast while I was in Seoul. Here are two specimens, so entirely unpolitical that I have no hesitation in referring to them. He delighted in two distinct forms of criticism, the "previous" and the "after-all"; of which I will give examples. Here is a criticism "previous." During the war, and for the purposes of the war, a standard time was found to be necessary, and Tokyo time prevailed throughout Corea and Manchuria—much in the same way as, for the convenience of navigators, a standard time prevails from north to south of the China coast. Peace came; but Tokyo time seemed to have come to stay, for the half-hour was never adjusted—to the great inconvenience of everybody, because you never knew where you were: whether by lucky chance you happened to be where you ought to be. If you were not clever enough to remember whether an invitation to dinner had said "7.30, Japanese time," you were faced with the possible alternatives, equally disagreeable, of arriving half an hour too soon, or half an hour too late. For my sins of omis-



sion I had experience of both. The Arab time of Zanzibar could not be more inconvenient; for when you see that it is half-past two at eight o'clock in the morning the fact that the time of the Zanzibarbarian is not your time is easy to remember. How the critics, and even the non-critics, railed in the well-known language! Was I myself free from offence? And yet this alien and self-satisfied Government would do nothing to put things at their normal, and let the time of day run smoothly with the sun. Could anything be more monstrous, more characteristic of the Japanese! Presently, in due process of the suns, a notice in the *Gazette* informed the world, just as we were getting used to it, too, that Tokyo time was abolished, and a meridian for Corea established. The critic may say with the Roman, "I myself did it!" But, still, longitudes are not determined in a day; and it is just possible that the matter was being thought out by the Japanese in their usual practical manner, in sublime unconsciousness of criticism.

Here is an example of the "after-all" criticism. A Commission had been appointed to investigate and regulate the expenses of the Imperial household, for that was an ulcer in the diseased body of the State. Among other things to be inquired into was the prodigious number of those who fed at imperial tables. The reforms suggested by the Commissioners, and afterwards summarily effected at the instigation of a tyrannical invader, were many, among them the dismissal of those who neither toiled nor spun for their daily food. They were condemned as retainers unnecessarily retained on the establishment. But to eat and sleep and do no work was claimed as the hereditary privilege of these hangers-on of palace kitchens. They had become gross in their indolence; were not even unjust stewards,

and the mammon of unrighteousness was not too ready to receive them into their habitations. Truly their case was a hard one, yet a somewhat difficult one to make capital out of against the brutal oppressor. But the critic was undefeated; he discovered that his tender heart was deeply touched by the harrowing scenes he had witnessed on that sad day of farewell to the bowls and platters of youth, and tearfully he wrote: "After all, was it necessary? It is cruel; a Corean's daily food does not cost very much." A short time afterwards a paragraph of interesting news appeared—the Emperor's daily kitchen bill had been reduced by 500 dollars a day. Was it possible that the Commissioners had effected unconsciously a wider reform by the dismissal of these needy folk?

The reformer's path lies along many a lonely furrow, and is always uphill. Even so obvious a reform as this could only result in adding a tribe of hungry mortals to the ranks of the disaffected; and herein lies Japan's great difficulty. The imperial kitchen, and the petty thefts of its legion of scullions, and scullions' friends, are typical of the whole; a generation of parasites, of place-hunters, of those who demand doles irrespective of place, must disappear, and their traditions with them, before the path comes easy. It is well to realize the alternatives: to keep them on and let the breed increase, or to send them into the darkness where plots are hatched and murders planned, and disaffection's brood cries vengeance for imaginary wrongs.

It has always seemed to me a pity that the proverbial philosopher could not get a firmer grip on the other side of life, could not busy himself with larger problems than those which the domestic hearth engenders. He is quite positive that the love of money is the root of all evil. If a wiser man were to express in a neat formula the



opposite and more worldly fact, he would hit off exactly the case of the Korean; for his want of appreciation of the value of money is the cause of a great deal of the country's internal troubles. Much of it springs from a de-based coinage. The effects of a de-based coinage on the character of a people would form an excellent subject for a prize essay, and the materials could be gathered in a fortnight's pleasant holiday in Seoul. I would say without fear of contradiction that a dollar which is perpetually falling in value, with the ultimate abyss in front of you that it may some day touch the cost of production, is the root of so many evils that it might be added to a national stock of proverbs. It is something like "Japanese time"; you never know exactly where you are, or how much you have spent when you have paid a dollar for anything. That is precisely the frame of mind in which the Resident-General found the Koreans spending their national revenue; and one of the objects he had greatly in view was to keep down the public expenditure on useless or merely ornamental things. He did so, according to his custom, by instilling the principles of economy into the ears of the individual, and preaching the homely doctrine of thrift to the Ministers of State whenever he thought the season fitting. An audience at the palace, soon after the Emperor's removal thither, was just over; a glass of champagne and a cigar in the ante-room had loosened tongues a little; Prince Ito was in his most ingratiating humor. The Minister of the Household contemplated certain changes in the decoration of the room, and of other rooms in the palace, and his fervor grew as he sketched his scheme to the Resident-General. It would be a good thing to have him on his side when the time came for asking for the necessary funds. It must be confessed that repairs and

renovation were urgently needed, not "here and there," but everywhere; for that particular palace had not been inhabited for some time. But the Prince would not have it at the lowest price; and he intermitted between the puffs of smoke a pleasant little discourse on ways and means. There was no touch of rebuke in his voice, for other Ministers were listening, and perchance looking for a colleague's discomfiture; only a most friendly reminder that there were possibly other things of graver import which needed the money more, which had never been furnished at all, not so striking to the eye perhaps as mural carving and gilding, but more deeply affecting the good of the nation. It was not a homily even, just a little wise talk from a man of the world; the scheme of decoration stood adjourned. There was no friction, no trace of squirming under the tyrant's grinding heel; and it ended with a cordial and, unless I am very wrong indeed, a perfectly genuine expression of goodwill.

A smart victoria and pair, spoil of the war, is waiting, and I leave the palace for the streets once more, for I am conscious that the curio-hunter is waiting to know what treasures he may hope to bring away with him from Seoul, besides mere memories of those most fascinating streets. The answer is, not very much. The modern brassware, mainly bowls of various sizes, is peculiarly attractive for its solidity and weight, the simplicity of its shapes, and its burnished lustre. Tall brass candlesticks with reflectors, and caskets of iron with hammered silver arabesque work, are the most interesting of the curios proper. Now and then you may see an old Chinese jar worth haggling for; the price, say, fifty dollars, the value probably at least treble. It so befell one day in my wanderings. The rest of the shopman's stock-in-trade was furniture of all sorts, old and new;

so a little examination into the vendor's title to porcelain seemed advisable, a little consideration whether it would be a case of *caveat emptor*, or whether market overt would protect me if I purchased. It was old—*famille verte*—very old and very fine, the shopman assured me, for he had it from the palace! Yes, I might be astonished, but his word might be taken (a reference to "gospel truth" revealed a Saxon ancestor among his forbears). It was clearly some forgotten offering from China to the Emperor. You see, he amiably informed me, an Emperor had lately been deposed, and whenever one Emperor so made place for another the palace servants had an imprescriptible right to take whatever they fancied, one piece for each. Irrespective of value? Yes, so long as they only took one each. "Loot from the Summer Palace" has long been recognized as a good and reputable title; but this seemed to be a variation which had no touch of respectability about it, seemed to mix *post* and *propter* in so unbecoming a fashion, that the story would hardly bear repeating except as the price of not possessing the jar to point it.

And so from this quaint receiver of appropriated trifles from palaces into the streets once more, into one which bears the name "Cabinet Street"—not the home of *dissecta membra* of broken up political cabinets, but of those large handsome boxes studded with heavy brass knobs, and ornamented with chased hinges and ornaments, which few travellers leave Corea without purchasing. Cabinet Street is full of shops devoted to the sale of them, new and old. They are "cash-boxes," and take one back to the pre-historic times of twenty years ago, when travelling in the Hermit Kingdom was a serious expedition, for the possibility that Fusan might one day be a terminus of the Siberian Railway was then not much

more than an unformulated dream of the engineers. The cash-box needed a special pack-horse to itself, for it held the string of "cash," the where-withal to prosecute your journey; in every sense an impediment to rapid progress. They were also an impediment to the daily existence of the Korean householder, for this most inconvenient medium necessitated the possession of these large cabinets to keep the cash. Nowadays all that has been changed; the cabinets of rare workmanship have become scarce, and an old one sometimes comes into the market to fetch almost as much in the new medium as it could carry of the old in the days gone by.

The mention of these precious cabinets tempts me to touch on a much more serious side of their disappearance from use, the cause of it—the reformation of the Korean currency under the magic wand of a high Japanese official, Mr. Migata—for it is one of the most important things that Japan has done for the country. It has an obvious relation to that necessity for instilling a knowledge of the value of money into the Korean mind to which I referred just now.

The currency was nominally on a silver basis, but possessed no standard. Copper "cash" and nickels were practically the only circulating medium. The face value of the "cash" represented their actual value; they were not debased coinage, only an inconvenient medium. Nickels, on the other hand, were issued as subsidiary coins, with a great and ever-changing difference between their actual and their face value. The Korean Government, looking to the profit to be made by minting them, paid no attention to the quality, and issued them in enormous quantities, with the result that they fell to less than half their nominal value, and privately minted counterfeits obtained a circulation

throughout the country. In 1905, a gold standard identical with that of Japan was adopted; the Government mint, the chief offender in the supply of nickels, was closed, and the Dai Ich Ginko, one of the most important of the Japanese banks, which had established a branch in Seoul, was recognized as the Government Central Treasury, its notes being recognized as legal tender exchangeable at sight for the new standard coinage. Japanese coins were also made legal tender, and other steps were taken to make the monetary standard of Corea identical with that of Japan, and so to remove the great obstacle to commercial intercourse between the two countries. The nickels were then withdrawn from circulation, newly minted subsidiary coins being substituted for them. The exchange operations were attended with much success. Applications were limited to sums of not less than 1,000 and not more than 10,000 Korean dollars; and in the first six days of July 7½ millions were tendered, which were examined and disposed of by the end of August. Offices were then opened in the provinces, and by the end of August 10½ million dollars had been exchanged, and the business of the country started on a sound financial basis. My friend the critic sees in this, of course, too great a regard for Japanese interests; but it amounted to no more than a utilization of a convenient standard, which had already been established in Japan, to which the Korean coinage was adapted; and that Japan should foster by this means a trade between herself and her protectorate had nothing to do with opening or shutting a door to other nations. This much having been accomplished, attention was next turned to Korean financial institutions. First, some native banks were assisted and officially recognized, and a note issue inaugurated; then Co-operative Warehouse Companies were established; and in order to assist the merchants a loan from the private purse of the Emperor was granted, part of it being devoted to assist the founding of a Warehouse Company with bonded warehouses by the leading piece-goods merchants, and thus a start was made in training the Koreans in sound business methods. Afterwards those handmaids of commerce, bills of exchange and promissory notes, were taken by the hand. Now, the Korean promissory note was of a most primitive kind. It was a piece of paper five to eight inches long and an inch broad, on which were written the particulars: the sum due, the due date, and the names of the parties. Even so primitive an idea as making it foil and counter-foil with these particulars on each had never been thought of; the paper was simply torn down the length, one half being kept by each party. The obligation of the debtor was to pay the amount to anyone who presented the other half of the note; it resembled the old-time love-token of the broken ring, the promise of marriage to be fulfilled when the halves were joined together. But, unlike the pieces of the ring, the halves of these torn notes passed from hand to hand; they were negotiable with comparative ease, and became a species of currency; but whether the ultimate joining of the two halves was an essential preliminary to the fulfilment of the obligation I was unable to ascertain, nor what the result if the other half had also been passed on. These notes seem to have been issued without much regard to means of payment, and the due date was apparently a mere matter of form; the result was that numbers of them were presented at the same time when they had accumulated, or when the promisor could be found, and no means of payment having been provided, nor any goods deposited as security, doors were closed and panics ensued. I have taken these

details from Mr. Migata's report, which I was privileged to see. From that report one could gather some idea of the herculean tasks which the Japanese Government found in front of it when it undertook to put the internal affairs of the country in order. It may be well to point out some of them, which the outside world hears little of. Starting a new colony was nothing to it, for there was much rottenness to clear away, and the reek of the Augean stables might well have discouraged less determined men. But each problem was attacked in turn with infinite courage, and success has attended the Japanese in more than one of these undertakings, which are the little wheels of the great machine of State, which must be made to work smoothly before the big wheel can go round. There were public works, ordinary and extraordinary, to be undertaken—roads, waterworks, Customs premises, Government offices; there were forests to be cared for, for without fuel the people could not face the winters; above all, the people on whom the Government must depend for carrying on its ubiquitous work had to be instructed, even in the smallest details, such as surveying, printing, book-keeping, and the essential to good book-keeping, sound business principles. To the successful comes success, and the work still goes on, growing in vigor day by day.

There are a hundred by-paths in Seoul down which you turn in your morning's ramble through the city, but they all bring you back to the main thoroughfare from which you started. So I, though I have wandered along many by-paths in the record of a pleasant holiday, when I revisited the glimpses of the Moon of Japan, and found her rays diffused over wider territories than when I served her, come inevitably back to the point from which I started in the January number of this

Review, the personal policy of the late Resident-General, Prince Ito. That my old chief should have been pro-Consul of one of those vast areas in which the Emperor's influence is wielded, that after many years he should still wear the harness, still dominate in the strife of intellect, still, as in the days of old, prevail in the contest of human intelligence and will, undoubtedly added a zest and interest to what I saw, but I honestly believe that it did not distort my vision, nor blind me to facts which the greatest of the Japanese themselves know to exist. I have noted them, non-politically and non-contentiously, in the hope that they may do some slight service to the country whose salt I one time ate.

The minor details of Prince Ito's public policy were based on the same principles as his personal policy of reconciliation—to proceed by slow and sure steps, to get at the human feelings of the individual and so to leaven the mass looking afterwards for larger results in the changed aspect of the national life. I think I may without undue iteration refer once more to two matters which he deemed to be of great importance. The first is the Model Farm; and I quote a short extract from Dr. Kondo's first report, which shows more clearly than anything I have written can do the scope of the experiment:

The object of the Station is to promote and improve agriculture, which is the most important source of wealth in Corea. Hitherto the art of tilling the soil has been left in a deplorable state of neglect in this country, little attempt having ever been made to improve it. The improvement of agriculture in Corea, therefore, offers a very interesting field of activity in various directions, such as, for instance, the method of cultivation, dairy farming, sericulture, proper utilization of land, irrigation, and so forth. In order to secure improvement in these respects, the most effective method seems to consist in

affording the Korean farmers object-lessons by means of an experimental establishment. According to an Imperial Ordinance promulgated in 1906, the work of the Model Station may be classified in a general manner as follows: (1) To set examples and conduct experiments for the promotion and improvement of agriculture; (2) to carry out chemical researches; (3) distribution of seeds, seedlings, silkworms' eggs, and domestic animals; and (4) lectures, investigations, and answers to queries on subjects relating to agriculture and industry.

"God made the water-buffalo." It thrives wonderfully in Formosa, but was omitted from the elementary scheme of things in Corea. The land has therefore only the laziest and least skilful of mankind, to whom necessity even has taught nothing, to help her yield her increase. But the Japanese have brought *petite culture* on a large scale to a wonderful pitch of perfection. They seemed, therefore, to be the fore-ordained teachers of their next-door neighbors the Coreans in this matter; and they have set about their work with their accustomed skill and energy.

The second matter on which I repeat myself is the firm basis on which Prince Ito helped to place the Young Men's Christian Association in Corea. And I cannot better conclude this tril-

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ogy which is devoted to his memory, and to recording the inner workings of his mind, than by quoting from his speech at the inaugural ceremony of which I have already spoken, and which was described by the *Seoul Press* as one of the most remarkable and striking incidents in the history and moral uplifting of Corea, the results of which could not fail to have a profound bearing on the future of the country. Addressing the managers and the members, he said:

Short as its career in this country is, I am sincerely gratified to observe that it is already doing extremely useful work for betterment of the moral and material welfare of this people, especially of the rising generation. Upon you, the young men of Corea, rest responsibilities of the gravest nature. Your country's destiny is in your hands; its future will be what you make it. Let me entreat you to do your best to conform to the noble ideals set before you by the leaders of this Institution; then alone can you satisfactorily fulfil what your country expects of you. In conclusion, I wish to express my deepest thanks to the officers and leading members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Corea for the conscientious way in which they are working for the good of Corea and of her rising generation.

F. T. Piggott.

## AN ANGLER'S DOZEN.

Your going forth is not impressive. You stump. But that matters nothing here where everybody stumps, and where the ingenious road-menders spread a layer of rough stones on the surface of the way in the uncertain hope that carts, or seasons, or boots, or what not, will in a decade or so weld the raw material into some sort of unity. It may be that stumping has become a sort of duty, an expression

of loyalty to the parish council or whatever power is concerned with the preservation of the roads. You stump for a different reason—because in waders and brogues a man cannot do anything else when he is on the road. I do not know whether the be-wadered angler has ever been compared to a duck, but there is a resemblance. Both are at a disadvantage on dry land, but set them in the water and behold a



transformation; the duck becomes graceful, well-balanced, a thing of beauty; the angler (while all goes well with him) strong, dignified, almost heroic. You can comfort yourself with that reflection as you stump downhill to the bridge.

Here you pause, that you may look over into the river for signs of trout or flies, as every angler who has ever reached a bridge has always paused. The stream below is swift and broken, confined to a narrow channel which is all that it has been able to win in centuries of effort from the uncompromising rock. Elsewhere, in the gravel reaches, winter spates play strange pranks, turning the stream into new courses, piling up beaches high and dry where of old were haunts of trout, digging out pits for the unwary in corners where the water used to be but inches deep. But where rock is you will mark little or no change from year to year. Nor—which is more to the purpose—will you see trout or flies. The rock bottom is covered with silkworm, plaguy slippery stuff, and the water above it is therefore dark and unrevealing. You don't see trout much at any time in this sort of mountain stream, and in this part of it they are practically always invisible. For flies it is still early, but a little after nine of the clock, and in any case they are not to be expected in quantity among the rocks. Higher up or lower down on the gravel flats you get a hatch of duns now and then which would do credit to a chalk stream. Still you look over the parapet, obtain the vague sense of disappointment inevitable from that proceeding, and so stump on.

Uphill now along a lane where green things in their first youth testify to the turn of the year, through a gate into a meadow, past two big trees, and so sharp down a grass bank to another bridge, a light wooden affair across another stream, tributary to the first,

and here, with fingers somewhat flurried by impatience, you prepare for that solemnity—the beginning of the season. I have begun the season in many places and many ways on all sorts of waters, and I have come to the conclusion that there is something fatal about the fact of beginning. You will almost never do anything worthy of triumph-songs on that first day. If it is but the first of a series, there is a chance. The third day, or the fifth, may haply give you results. Once, indeed, I reaped noble harvest, as harvests go, on the second. But the first day has never yet come up to the standard of hope, which is an absurdly high one, naturally.

We build, of course, too magnificently in the air of dreamland; castles heaven-high are not for every man's inhabiting, as the Master Builder and the fair Hilda found. Even so creels lid-full are not for every man's carrying when he is really at it. Things happen to you on this first day which pretty soon drive that truth home to your sanguine consciousness. While I have moralized, you have tied on your cast of flies, March Brown, Orange Partridge, and Blue Dun, or others your fancies. They trail in the very clear water of the Arna—the name will serve for this daughter stream, as Bonddhu for the mother, who is not nearly so limpid, albeit clear enough—and you are for beginning at once. No man ever yet saw his flies trailing for the first thrilling moment of the season without beginning at once.

But at the Mordred Arms the good company at breakfast told you you were not to begin at once. What is the matter with the Arna no man knows, but it is certainly bewitched. No man ever catches trout in it. People try. Seduced by its beauty, by the tempting succession of ripple and pool, by the mystery of rock-gorges, they wander on, casting ineffectual



flies, on and on, past the ancient ivied bridge, past the farm, on and up till they are on the shoulder of the moor, sharing solitude with the golden plover, distance with two shaggy wild ponies. Here they are trespassing, a thought which is saddening to any right mind, and they are catching nothing, a thought which is more saddening still. Doubtless there are trout in the Arna. The breakfast company admitted that Evan ap Evan catches them inordinately. But he is autochthonous, to wit, a wizard where fish are concerned, and probably knows how to set spells on Arna more potent than her own. This knowledge is not yours, and you must not begin here at the bridge; you must follow the stream down till you come to the Junction Pool. Everybody has told you so. Therefore, you *do* begin here, like everybody else. The breakfast company only attained its collective wisdom by individual suffering.

Just above the bridge is a dream of a pool, narrow at the neck, with two beautiful eddies, and a bush-shaded ledge under the far bank. Any man who knows his business ought to be able to account for a brace at least—*hab! a rise!* That swirl was plain enough, and in the exact spot where the half-pounder should have been lying. Or *was* it a rise? Was it not, rather, the swirl that a fish makes when it wishes to remove to a safer place? Come to think of it, your flies were some distance away at the time. Yes, it must be admitted, that was not a rise. The trout saw you and fled.

And now foolish perversity has led you on and up. Four pools have you fished, no rises have you had, and it looks as though they were right when they spoke of Arna's bewitchment. It were better, after all, to turn about and go whither you should have gone at first, to the Bonddhu, which is to be fished from the Junction Pool up. Com-

promise, the spirit of the age, suggests a cast here and there as you work your way down. The results are, as usual, negative, worse than negative indeed, since you have left half your cast on a bush overhanging deep water.

While you repair damages I will, with your good leave, moralize again. The beginning is typical. Enthusiasm ran riot. With all the pent-up longing of weary months spent in prosaic affairs finding its opportunity, you hurled yourself upon your fishing and your flies upon the water. You know that you seriously alarmed one fish. It is reasonable to suppose that you alarmed others, all the others. The fact is, that trout-fishing is not to be treated like Rugby football or a career; determination and energy will not ensure success. But you, I, all of us on the opening day start like that. And to all of us comes a moment when, sitting on a big stone by the Junction Pool, we mend our tackle, and think how here is one hour, two hours, of our day, our precious day, clean gone and absolutely nothing accomplished. Worse, we are dimly aware that something is changed: that rapture which was ours when first the flies touched the water, that acute consciousness of the world's being a very good place, has given way to something like despondency. The edge of pleasure has been blunted.

No matter; the new links of gut have been added to the broken cast, the flies are replaced, so to it again. And now you see why I put in a saving clause when I compared the angler and the duck. Wading down the Arna with its easy, gravelly bottom, all was well; but this Junction Pool offers a new situation. It is deep and dark—in the autumn the salmon lie here—and even at the edge is nearly up to the top of wading stockings. Moreover, there are large boulders under water which greatly impede progress. At the third

step you kick against one, your balance is in jeopardy, you thrash the air with your rod, beat it with your left hand, wobble hideously for a moment, and finally just save yourself from falling prone. A short panting thanksgiving is breathed, a regret is uttered that you brought the new-fangled folding-net instead of the old one fixed to a long stout staff. And then you decide to "get out of this." On the first day no man wishes to take his pleasure too arduously, and there are no more arduous things in life than rough wading.

Getting out of it involves complications, and you do not look your best, so I will forbear to describe how hanging to a sapling you half crawl, half climb round the awkward corner till shallow water is reached again. Instead, I pass on to the great moment. Above the Junction Pool is what is called a "flat" in the Principality, a long stretch where the current is easy and the depth moderate. At this time of year, with the river in good ply, it deserves your best attention. Every yard of it is worth fishing. There, at the third cast, see, a sort of yellow gleam in the water just about where your flies ought to be; yes, and as your hand went up the line tightened. "*To triumphe*," it is the first fish of the season! It is amazing how so little a body can hold so much force; positively the reel screams as the fish drives straight for the further bank. But in these streams, as a rule, the force is applied without much purpose. There are no weeds to matter and possible entanglements are few; the moorland trout seems to depend on speed and acrobatics. By tearing off in one direction, stopping short, and then tearing in another, it may succeed in shaking the hook out; by turning somersaults or jumping it may twist it out. But otherwise it has less strategy than a chalk-stream fish.

The fight is over and the fish in the

net. Tap it on the head with the end of your spring-balance, or whatever implement you employ—the pleasant technical name for the proper killing-stick, "priest," would have delighted Sydney Smith—and put it into your creel. And then peg away at the fishing, wasting no time. The trout may only feed for an hour, and if you dawdle that hour may be wasted. Beware of the overhanging trees, too, or you will lose flies and time with them. Keep the point of the rod low as you cast, waving it in a line parallel with the water.

There, another rise. Missed him! Another. Got him! No, he's off, conf— Ah, that's better. For ten minutes or so rises are frequent, as though you had got into a little colony of trout; two fish are transferred to the creel, two more small things, samlets probably, are hurriedly returned. The samlet nuisance is worse on some days than others, possibly because when trout really feed, the smaller fry have to abstain. You may notice the same thing among trout of different sizes. Generally all the fish will be from two to three ounces, more rarely from three ounces to five, on red-letter days from five to eight, or even more. No man knows why this should be so, but it is, though of course an odd half-pounder may be caught on a three-ounce day, and so on. Many anglers have a difficulty in telling samlets from trout. Small trout often have the dark finger-marks prominent on the baby salmon, and coloring is no clue to species. The best mode of distinction is to examine the mouth, which is smaller in a samlet than in a trout of like size. The maxillary bone (it looks like a sort of horny lip at the edge of the upper jaw) in the samlet only reaches to about the centre of the eye; in the trout it is longer and reaches to nearly the circumference of the eye, sometimes even beyond it. If a trout and samlet are placed side

by side, the difference in this respect will be apparent at once. There is also a considerable difference in shape: the samlet is more youthful in appearance, with its round long body and rather ungainly fins; the trout is deeper, as a rule, and of trimmer build—more fish, in fact.

The next event of importance is when you are getting to the head of the flat, where the current is rather stronger and you come to rocks. You step on to one of these. It is flat, but it is set on an incline, and, horror, you begin to slide. These flat, slippery slabs of blue lias are the deuce. The rod and arm-waving attempt at balancing has begun again, and a thousand thoughts chase each other through your mind as, an unwilling toboggan, you slide from eight inches of water into twelve, into eighteen—towards unplumbed depths. Will you break your rod? Is the creel fastened, or will the three trout be lost? When you have had your ducking would it be folly to go on fishing, or must you go home and change? Happily, you just escape the ducking. The downward course is arrested by a crack in the rock when the water is within an inch of the top of your waders. With infinite care and slowness you work your way back again to the edge, and from now on you proceed with all the delicacy of Agag. This is wise, because there is not a more uncomfortable bit of wading in the three kingdoms than from here up to the bridge on which you paused a few hours earlier. The stream is rocky, boulder-strewn, and deep, and a high hedge fortified with barbed wire is at your back. You can't get out, and you must go on. Oh, for that wading staff! Never, never will you leave it behind again.

But there are compensations. This reach is so uncomfortable that most anglers leave it alone, and so the trout are numerous and not over educated.

Presently you catch another by accident. Getting past an awkward corner, you are hanging on to the roots of a tree with both hands, and the rod is resting in the crook of your right arm, the flies trailing behind down stream. There is a jar at the tip, a plunge, and you are fast in a fish. Then follows a careful adjustment of the feet, a moment of doubt whether you will vanish into the deep pool at whose edge you are balanced, and then all is well. In due course you have your trout. That makes four.

A little later you get two more within a yard of each other—six—and ten minutes afterwards another—seven. And then a new sensation is yours, one to which you have long been a stranger. It is not the languid inclination after food that you commonly experience about one o'clock; it is downright emptiness and a gnawing. And so you pay a new tribute to this mountain air, climb out on to a little convenient promontory, and produce the sandwiches, after an admiring glance at the trout in the basket, seven of them, the trophies of your incredible toils and dangers, the fruits of your very considerable skill. Please Heaven, the tale shall be a dozen ere nightfall. What matter if you had hoped for three dozen averaging six ounces! You had forgotten in the winter of inaction how subtle a matter this trout-fishing is. Seven trout, the smallest three ounces, the biggest five, when you come to stern realities, are very well, very well indeed. And the dozen will be very well indeed. Plumptree, you feel convinced, will have but five when tails are counted before dinner. Manstable may perhaps have ten—a good fisher, he;—Bindweed, poor Bindweed, will be lucky if he can show three for his misdirected zeal; and so on. The mantle of complacency is upon you.

And now you have your first little bit

of leisure for the accompanying circumstances. With a sense of pleasurable shock you hear the voice of a lamb. Lambs must have been melodious all the morning, and yet you were unconscious of them. The weather—positively it is a lovely day, not over warm, it is true, but with fair lights and shades as the fugitive clouds first veil and then reveal the sun. It is the sort of weather you expect early in May among the Welsh hills, and the touch of keenness on the air is life-giving. The trout, of course, would rise better if it were not for a degree or so of frost at night. The river—positively a river is something more than a mere place in which a man may fish for trout. It has life, color, a voice, many voices. There are people, beings—if you go up the Bonddhu for some three miles you will come to the Gorge, a place where one bank is beech-clad mountain, the other eternal rock. Here, it may be, you will understand my meaning. Down in that gorge, with but a streak of sky for prospect, you are conscious that there is need for a startled backward glance, for a sudden tense listening, for an expectation of you know not what. No, it is not bulls or sheep-dogs—such terrors are here, it is true, and to be combated with stones at a crisis;—it is something else. The Greeks knew, maybe Evan ap Evan knows; but you and I do not know. We had better get out of the gorge as quickly as we can, and into the open moorland valley, where the friendly sun and the fresh breezes, the purple hills and the glittering stream speak of things which we can understand. Moreover, the trout rise but dourly in those dark pools between the mountain and the cliff.

After all, it is trout that a fisher, who has finished his sandwiches and re-lighted his pipe, has to consider, not mysteries of converging planes, especially when on a not too promising day

seven fish have to be made into twelve. So you commit yourself once more to the stream and begin again the careful casting upstream and across, into each little pot behind the boulder, each little bay in the bank, each holt under the boughs, the masterly work which has so far served you reasonably well. But now something has changed. The epithet "masterly" is no longer the right one. There is something wrong. The beastly flies will not go in the right direction. The branches in front, the bushes behind, have a horrible fascination for them. Patiently at first, brusquely after, you disentangle them. Then you scratch your hands on a bramble. Then you stumble badly and very nearly fall. Meanwhile, the flies leap up to a branch far out of reach. You give a furious wrench, which loses for you most of the cast, and repairs have to be made. Murmuring things which it is not lawful to utter, you sit on a projecting rock, indignant with the whole world and most with this trout-fishing which causes you to suffer so much. Manipulating the gut and flies, you get a little calmer, but still think with wondering sadness on the presumption which a while back caused you to glory in your skill. Skill!

Fishing has its ups and downs. Hardly are you started again when you catch your eighth trout, a noble fish of 12 inches. A half-pounder, by all that's glorious! Carefully he is placed on the hook of the weighing-machine, minutely the tell-tale needle is scanned. Six ounces only—a great fish like that? Impossible! Yet it is so. You have gotten hold of a rare old cannibal, with a head like a pike's and a long dark body suggestive of an eel. Some men always catch that sort of fish if there are any about. I do. It is Fate, though it is annoying. Never mind. Bindweed, poor Bindweed, will think this monstrosity a very fine trout. You

will tell him it is a very fine trout, and he will believe you. By now you have turned a corner of the stream, and, strange to say, the flies are going out all right again. Mayhap lower down, in the place of misfortune, there was a puff of eddying wind, scarcely perceptible but baffling to flies, for all that. It is easier to cope with a steady breeze in your face than with uncertain, fitful gusts, which come and go without any set purpose. With the easier casting comes a return of confidence, and with that another brace of trout, one of them a plump, shapely, gloriously-spotted fellow, as heavy as the cannibal though two inches shorter. That is a trout.

By now you are come to the old mill, and it suddenly occurs to you that you are weary and in need of sustenance. What is the time? Four o'clock. How would it be if—? Of course. The inn is but a step, and a cup of tea will set you going again. Then you can drop down to the river once more, make up your dozen—you want but another brace—and get home in good time for your well-earned dinner.

The praises of tea have never yet been sung sufficiently, though I believe Cowper had right ideas on the subject. Even he was not, so far as I know, an angler. He did not know the real joys of it, but you do. After some seven hours of concentrated labor you drag your heavy feet up the steep hill, hobble into the inn, and collapse into a chair in a state of blissful exhaustion. The tray comes, all temptingly arranged on a white cloth, with six dainty slices of bread and butter on a plate and home-made jam in a little glass dish. What menu in the world could at this moment compare with these simple delights? Let Lucullus dine with Lucullus. You, for your part, are satisfied with your own company at tea, and every moment the hot fragrant cup is putting fresh life into

you, making you a new man. Then comes tobacco, "sweet when they've cleared away tea," as the wise poet of both Universities observed; and then the return to the river, a brisk business very different from the lagging approach to the inn, more vigorous even than the setting-forth after breakfast. Tea is, I verily believe, the angler's best friend.

I don't know whether the science of numbers (whatever that may be) has anything to say to trout-fishing, but I have grave suspicions. The matter is to be considered in this way. The angler's ambition is always for a fair round number: as twelve, or twenty or two dozen, or thirty, or—no, he cannot aim higher than that in these days unless he is Evan ap Evan. His ambition is moreover a thing which grows by that it feeds upon, like love. For instance, if you have ten trout, as you have, you aim at a dozen. Having a dozen, you at once aim at twenty; having twenty at twenty-four, and so on. I have noticed that there are serious difficulties opposed to you at certain stages in the upward climb. Thus I have more than once been kept at nineteen or twenty-three for hours, and at the last not succeeding in rounding the total off. It is very strange, and I am not at all surprised that anglers get into the habit of talking of "about twenty," "about two dozen," and the like.

You are a case in point. With the eleventh fish you have no difficulty whatever. You catch him in the run by the island, an attractive little by-stream which has cut its way through the bed of gravel and flows swift and rather deep into the big pool below. He weighs a quarter of a pound. And then you have a tremendous excitement. Just where the by-stream joins the pool in a deep dark hole comes a bold rise, and you are into something monstrous, which makes off like a



salmon. Ye gods, a pounder at least, in a land where half-pounders are giants. It is a pounder, and a quarter over; but, alack! it is also logger-head. Chub are of no account here, though they fight uncommonly well on the light tackle, and you are far from pleased. It was a minute or two before you realized that you had not got hold of the trout of the season, and you slay the brute with uncomplimentary remarks. Most men would leave him on the bank, but you have memories of sunny days on a very different river, where dark forms lie log-like under the boughs and give great sport to the angler who understands. Loyalty to an old friend bids you put him into the creel, and you do.

And now for the twelfth trout. After half-an-hour without a rise, you change your flies, unchanged in kind, albeit often renewed, so far all day. A large Red Spinner, a Hare's ear, and a Stone will be a likely assortment. Another half-hour passes. It is now past six, and the air grows chill. There will be frost again to-night, and further rising of trout is very doubtful. But something must be done. How about a minnow? The thing is worth trying, and soon you are working your way downstream, swinging a small gold Devon out and spinning it across and up all likely runs. It attracts notice, there is no doubt of that. Every now and then comes a fierce pluck at the rod-top. But, after their marvellous manner, the fish all avoid the hooks, and at last it becomes evident that the

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minnow is not going to complete your dozen for you. The fish do not mean business, and the day is over. Then, on a sudden, a trout is hooked and a good one, six ounces for certain. He is beaten; pull him in and lift him out. No need for the net with that strong gut and triangle hooks. Splash! My dear sir, you should *always* use your net for a good fish. Yes, he *has* gone in again. Of course. It is an omen, and you had better go home. It is quite cold now, and dinner is not far off.

In the hall lighted by the big swinging lamp is a group of anglers. "How have you done?" is the question as you come in. "Oh, about a dozen," you reply. "Good man," says Plumtree. "I couldn't do anything with them. They all came short. I only got six." Manstable, it appears, has eleven (after all, you tell your conscience, you *have* got twelve—is not the chub a fish?), and Bindweed, poor Bindweed, of course—Hullo! your eye is on the table, where is a dish heaped high with trout, and two undeniable half-pounders on the top. "Yes," comes the voice of Bindweed from the corner where he is unlacing his brogues, "I've had a jolly good day. Twenty-one. They took a coch-y-bonddhu like anything."

Well, well, it is a friendly rivalry, when all is said, and you bear no grudge. At any rate, you have done as well as could be expected; you have an angler's dozen. For an opening day it is well, very well.

*H. T. Sheringham.*

## THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

The night was chill after the warm, bright day, and since breakfast he had not tasted food. He raised his collar as he passed down the drive, having

much ado to find his way in the darkness, for he had not come through the gates of the park since he was a lad. The cold of the night cleared his brain from the overstrained emotion which



had seemed to deaden thought. Then swept over him a strong reminder that Silence must have known for years of the facts which only to-day had come to his ears. Knowing of them she had lied to him. The lie of Silence rent his heart with an intolerable pain and most miserable astonishment.

He was still young, a man of only thirty years; but the power of re-establishing the beloved Nanna had been taken from him by Silence's lie. Bitter was the sense of having been tricked into his marriage; apart from this was a blinding, despairing amazement that Silence had been guilty of the act.

"God! how I *hev* trusted her! Same as a child might trust!" he exclaimed, throwing his amazed complaint to the distant skies. "It's Silence *hev* struck me! *Silence.*"

He pursued his stumbling way through the gathering darkness. He had no thought of returning to the Farm, but took the road that wound to Arinseat from an inland direction. All day he had fasted yet experienced no hunger; the mind on its rapid journey carried the body along with it. Already the past seemed to him no more than an unfit, discarded garment. The real disorder of his life lay in his marriage with Silence; he belonged to Nanna. And he did not doubt but that a strong mutual love between him and her had been broken by the cruelty of fate.

After nine in the evening he reached Arinseat. If he had any aim in his going, it was Rennie's workshop that he sought. He passed the few houses of the village, irregularly clustered and without so much as a street to hold them in companionship, and made for the shore; and presently stood against the side of the shed and felt the freshness of the sea against his cheek, and heard its monotonous calming sound. Sometimes, if there was boat-building

on hand, Harry, who loved his craft, would keep at work after evening had fallen. To-night this was the case, for a gleam of light came from the door, and the sound of a lathe in motion. Silver lifted the latch and entered.

The workshop was a stoutly built, roomy place, with a high arched roof, supported by beams. In the centre of the floor, shouldered up on stands into which the keel was securely driven, was the body of a fair-sized boat, smoothed and finished as Harry's hand loved to smooth and finish the wood. It was a fishing-boat of some fifteen tons, with a single mast, and destined to be propelled by oars as well as sails. On higher tressels the unfinished mast rested, and beside this stood Harry, clad in a tight-fitting jersey and breeches, and wearing a seaman's cap. He was at work on the mast with the lathe, and the shavings were curling and falling about his feet. He turned at the sound of the latch, and recognizing Silver, nodded friendly. The odor of wood filled the place, strong, aromatic, wholesome, the odor of ropes and tar pungent and clean. And with the dry, pleasant smells, the association of labor caught at Silver's heart with a qualm as of homesickness.

All day he had been lost in emotions, and had not worked; his place and footing in the world had shifted, and he knew not where he was. He sat down on an overturned basket gloomily.

Harry, his hand still moving, glanced at him expectantly. Silver did not speak; neither did Harry; for the face of his friend appeared strange to him, and as he worked he pondered his look.

At the era when Harry Rennie labored at night over his boat, boat-building was still reckoned a "mystery" and "craft." The boat-building of the Rennies had for generations been a matter of observation and expe-

rience; the improvements which, year by year, they would arrive at, sprang from their own hard-won knowledge; in each vessel they turned out, the outlines, the bounding curves, the exquisite adjustments of one part to another, were products of personal skill, of an acquired perfection in eye-measurement, and a sense of beauty in form and its relation to motion. If an improvement was made it would be the result of caniness in judgment and exactness in ingenuity. The Rennies were in their right in allowing their eyes to rest lovingly upon their achievement. Moreover, they were keen and practised buyers of wood, the choice of wood for their purpose being instant and unerring—wood that could best withstand the tearing roughness of hard ground, that could resist, without splitting, the driving of the bolts and treenails through it, and which was freest from “rends” and “shakes” and other causes of leakage.

Harry had shaped the boat he was now engaged on, from beginning to end, with his own hands, receiving no more assistance than what would be necessary in lifting the wood and in turning and settling the finished portions. It was the keen interest of the artisan in the product of his own hand which kept him in his workshop after night had fallen, and only the gloomy looks and strange silence of Silver withheld him from easing his mind of some happy expressions of satisfaction in the progress of his labor.

At length the atmosphere of the place penetrated through the darkness of the young farmer's mind. He rose to his feet, crossed the shop, and stood by the hull. And Harry left his work and came near, his friendly shoulder touching Silver's arm.

“Pine-wood, I see,” said Silver.

“Aye. Fra North Europe. When she's finished she 'll be a grand 'un to go.”

“I see she will,” said Silver, passing his hand over the smooth surfaces, and for a moment finding his foot again on this good earth.

“I hedn't no model this turn,” continued Harry eagerly. “I 'd a idear, and I reckoned I could find it of my own.”

“Anyb'ry seen it?”

“Aye.”

“Wha 's buying it?”

“A chap o' Morecambe—a betterness kind o' felly. He's putten his brass i' fishing, they sayn.”

“Thou 'lt be sorry to sell her.”

“Oh, I 'st see her again! She'll sail up from Morecambe w' the furriners now and again. And in time she 's bound to put in for repairs. Then it 'll be me will mak' her taut.”

“Harry!” Silver paused, then went on with difficulty after a slight twisted smile: “Hev ye any wark ye could put me to?”

Harry slightly started. Silver, with his farm and land and independent position, had seemed to him vastly his superior. He ran his finger slowly over the edge of the hull.

“Farming gat slack?” he questioned with downcast face.

“My interest in 't han dwinnelt—that 's about the shape on 't.”

He had no settled reason for making this difficult speech, but did it to ease his heart.

“Weel,” said Harry, “the chap that 's bought my boat will want a mon to sail her. I 'd liefer trusten her to thee. Silver, than anudder.”

“It m'appen might fit.”

“There 's no harm i' trying,” said Harry. “His name 's Kirk, and he lives none so far from Morecambe shore.”

“I can think on 't,” said Silver heavily.

Harry went back to his mast, laid his lathe carefully aside, and took a lantern from the shelf.

"Thou 'rt going?" said Silver.

"Aye. I 'm wasting more candle-grease nor I 'm making way. Besides if I keep on I 'st hev the missus round efter me."

A shadow fell on Silver's face. The peace of home, the tenderness of a wife, seemed far away in some old dream.

"Harry," said he, "I 've a gurt heaviness on me. Let me rest here amid the shavings."

"Thou 'rt welcome to that, Silver."

He had by this set the lantern alight and had blown out all the candles save one. He stood hesitating now in the doorway. By the light of the lantern he could see something of the tall figure of the young farmer, well-clad, well-to-do, standing near the gleaming wood of the boat, his feet in the shavings. He wanted to speak, wanted to convey a sense of his good-fellowship, but no words came. He tossed the key of the shop over to Silver and turned away.

"Set the key in the niche of the wall when thou leaves," said he nervously.

Silver locked the door after him, listened to his retreating steps, and then threw himself down on the shavings.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Silver waked a little before sunrise and left the workshop. It was a still morning and the tide was up; he had heard the roar of the Bore in his sleep, and had dreamed of storms at sea. But only quiet wavelets lapped at his feet. He watched a couple of black-backed gulls that came with a slow beat of wings from the opposite shore; one dropped like a plummet to the waters and rose with its prey in its mouth, the other beat steadily onwards towards Melmormire.

His dream held his brain with phantom noises of a ship in storm; he recalled the stress of his seven years' adventure, and the thought of Nanna

shining through them as a star.

At times, as he remembered, the sense of exile had made him desolate; to-day, though his feet pressed the earth of his home and up-bringing, he felt a deeper desolation. He had no cravings left for the life of adventure. But the choice of the life he loved had been thrust on him by a lie, and that lie now divided him from it. Wrath against the Whinnery family clouded his mind, and hatred of the debt of gratitude he owed. He did not dream that he was one possessed by illusions, but turned from the shore with a quick, resolute step and a defined intention.

In the morning air, fresh, but with the softness of the summer's day already in it, he realized his hunger. Arinseat did not possess shops, but one of the cottars kept barley scones and cheese and milk, and sold them for a trifle. There he took his simple meal, and being refreshed, bent his steps towards Hauksgarth, reaching the white gate while it was yet early.

He paused for a moment. Not twenty-four hours had passed since he came through it in the haughty irritation of a master against the too obvious solicitude of a servant. To-day he felt himself to be no longer master. He glanced at the cluster of cream-colored buildings which sheltered what for three years he had believed to be the whole of the earthly treasure possible to his heart; then opened the gate and went on.

No one was in the house; he called but could make no one hear. Then he remembered the hay harvest. They would be in the field doing their best to save the hay he had neglected; at the thought, he felt the irrepressible regret of an honest worker in a task unfinished. But that was no longer his task.

He sat down by the dresser under the window, and recalled the fatal interview with his adopted father which

had opened the miserable tangle of his history. He sat in his usual composed attitude, while his mournful eyes roved over the kitchen. The web of his life seemed weaved without the finger of God in it.

A sudden thought flitted across his mind; he drew his pocket-book from the breast of his coat; in it was a note or two on Kendal Bank; he hesitated, then replaced it.

"It's my awn earnings," thought he.

His pride asked to stand clear and unsolled.

Then he went to his bedroom, and moving about as noiselessly as he could, collected such necessities as he might carry. As he worked he listened for Nanna's step, setting the door ajar the better to hear. The empty house was full of sounds; the old wood creaked, now and again a door stirred, or the casements shook in the light breeze that played in and out through windows and passages, and he would fancy that he heard her coming, and would go outside, leaning over the old oak banisters and looking down the flight of wide oaken stairs, to call softly in a breaking voice of love:

"Nanna! Nanna! Is it thou?"

He had it in his mind to go with her openly, to throw his arm about her with a resolute defiant publicity, and, so taking her, to shelter and defend her from the world with strong protection. But he did not hear her voice in response. When at last the many vague sounds in the roomy old house resolved themselves into something marked and definite, he recognized Silence's step in the kitchen, and afterward the patter of his son's little feet.

By this, he had made up his bag, and stood looking from the wide latticed windows of the handsome bedroom which had been old Whinnery's, and then Silence's and his. His ear was attentive to the prattle, the constant patter of the boy's movements below.

And into his heart smote the sense of a dreadful forlornness. He did not lose the dream of a future paradise with Nanna, nor weaken the resolve he had formed; but do what he would, a bleak, chill feeling crept over the pictured sweetness. He saw it as a shining islet circled by dark forbidding seas.

The moving prattle of the boy went on. And then he seemed suddenly to recall that, by law, the children were his, not Silence's. He had but misty mistaken ideas of the law, but the notion that the regulations which conceded so much to the husband and the man, might befriended him even here, warmed his heart a little. He kept the notion suspended in his mind, and in the thought of it very softly descended the stairs, stealthily approaching the kitchen, and pausing on the threshold to look in.

He saw the place with eyes sharpened by emotion; it lay before him in all its fragrant, wholesome homeliness, bright, scrupulously clean, with freshly sanded floor, the handsome polished furniture shining. The door to the outer kitchen was open, and at that early hour of the morning a ray of sunshine entered, and in the midst of it stood his boy, the light flaxen curls of his head touched to shimmering gold. Silence also was there. She had laid the baby in its cradle, and now went about preparing breakfast for the household. The habit of home snatched his breath away, and the anguish of feeling that Silence had deceived him. He caught sight of her face, white with sleeplessness, and then stepped forward and called her. She gave a soft cry of joy, and ran towards him with outstretched hands; but fell back at his look.

"Shut the doors," said he sternly, "I mun hev a word with thee."

Silence hastened to comply, and making as though to leave the boy in the

back kitchen, stooped to coax him with some gay promise.

"Bring in the boy," said Silver sharply.

At that a prevision of evil dimmed all her face. But she obeyed. And the boy, following his mother, ran to the corner near the cradle and the bureau, where his little table was set, and took the cake she gave him. Silence came quietly and stood before her husband. Her thoughts went back and back to the hour when they were together in the doorway, and he had asked her concerning Nanna, and she had answered with a lie. The lie thus spoken had ever been a burden, but she knew its reason, had weighed its motive, and to this day, neither, by one iota, was changed.

"Thou knows what I 'm thinking," he began.

She sighed very softly.

"I reckon I know," said she.

"Thou leed to me over Nanna? I opened my mind to thee. And thou answered with a lee?"

"Aye," said she softly, "aye. I leed to thee, Silver."

He drew that thin slow breath, which, in the early days of his return, when he had sought his way as it were through a maze, she had heard so often.

"Then thou knawed it were a lee? Thou knawed that Nanna were na wed?"

She looked at him with pathetic eyes.

"Aye, Silver. I knawed she were na wed."

"There was ither things thou hid from me." He spoke now with an emotion she had not seen in him before, a fine emotion which set him and her farther apart, as she felt. "Mebbe thou thought the ither things wad mak' a difference to love? But I wad hev wed Nanna for mair than what I now knaw. If it had been nobbut to comfort and protect her."

What did he know? That she could not tell. The truth about Nanna included in her mind no details, for none had she ever learned. What she knew came from the words of her father, from the stricken shame of her step-mother, from her own observation of Nanna in the last unhappy weeks. Her eyes looking on her husband became dark with feeling, but she found no answer to his words. If he could not see, how could she tell him?

"Without a lee, I wad niver hev wed any but Nanna," he went on. And then, because anger is ever an alloy between righteous wrath and misconception, an error at the best, he struck remorselessly at the tender heart. "And thou knew it reet enoo," said he.

If it were possible in so sad and pallid a cheek, her color whitened visibly and she shrank as under some cruel unlooked-for blow. The most obvious thing was the look of pained confusion which passed over her face, as though, amidst the straightness and clearness of thought, the way, on a sudden was lost.

"Thou drawed me on to weddin' thee by a lee. I know it now," he breathed out with a hard sigh.

Thus he struck at her. She did not know the mischief in the past, fertile in seeds of misconception in his heart—the mischief of her father's proposition, and the will he had destroyed. She sought in her husband's face in a kind of desperation for some hint of doubt, some falter over his merciless reading of her motive. There was nothing save hardness and the law. Her eye sank from his. A sense of the utter subversion of her mind, and of upheaval in the foundations of fact and the trend of her existence, under his misinterpretation of her act, stemmed up what small power of self-expression by words she possessed. She was conscious only of stabbing echoes in her ears.



"Ma God!" she murmured, her eyes staring emptily at the window.

"Weel! Sin thou trapped me into the marriage, I'll hev none on 't. I'm free in God's seet. And I 'll tak' my freedom. I care nowt for church and parson and sic-like things. Niver, niver wad I hev wed thee, Nanna being unwed, gin thou hed na lied to me. And God knows that. The law binds me to thee, thou 't be saying? Weel, I 'll not be bound. Wheer's Nanna? Call her. Nanna, not thou 's my wife."

Out of the absolute overthrow of her ideas, and of all on which they were founded, out of the chaos in her mind, struggled a small, clear, commonplace fact sufficient for a reply.

"Wheer's Nanna?" she repeated vaguely. "Nay, I dunnot know that. M'appen thou knows?"

He started very slightly.

"Thou dost na know? Belike thou 'rt leeing again?"

"Na, na. What ud be the good of that?" she murmured forlornly. "Dost na thou know where Nanna is?"

She added the question in a low tone, and turned with an air of consummate dignity from him.

"I know? How should I know?" he answered in perplexity. "I hanner seen Nanna sin something efter noon of yesterday."

"Nanna left the Farm afore the darkening," she answered coldly.

He turned, startled, to the window, and pondered the matter. Then in the glowing colors of his passion and love he mistranslated the unlooked-for information. He fancied that out of the goodness of her heart to Silence, she had fled. He had these imaginings concerning the cold self-centred creature who moved in a small world of her own shameful vanity and fed on perfidies. He was sure that she waited only to be found and clasped again by his love. A faint smile flitted over the

sombre hardness of his face; it came and was gone in a moment.

"Nanna's waitin' on me somewheres," said he quietly, and in the fullest confidence.

Then he turned again to his wife, and caught the forlorn stricken bend of the head, the aspect of her face in profile, in its utter speechless grief. He averted his glance and spoke less roughly, though with unabated firmness.

"Thou understands, Silence, that I'm going? Going with her?"

She raised her head. He was surprised at her quietude. There was no outcry. Stony though her face was, the life and expression gone out of it, she seemed to have her hand strongly upon some notion of her own.

"Thou 'rt leaving me, Silver?"

"Aye, I 'm leaving thee."

"There 's no call to do that. Gie me thy bundle. I'll tak' and lay the things back for thee. Go thy ways down to the hay and help John. Belike it 'll rain afore neet."

"What dost ta mean?" asked he sternly. "Art for play-actin' with me? Or hast ta more lees at the back of thy words?"

"Na! na! I leed to thee once, Silver, and——" She broke off, sighed almost impatiently as though her tongue misled 'her, and took up her speech again with dull quietude. "Dost ta not see, gin things are as thou says, it 's for me to be going, and not for thee? I can wark for my living. The Farm 's thine, by gift and by reet of wark. Nobbut gie me time. Thou and Nanna can stay here. And I 'st gang with my bairnies."

Under her toneless quiet was a throbbing fear, a desperation of resolve.

"Dost ta think," he replied, the gloomy wrath of the morning against the Whinnerys coming back to his heart, "that I 'll set spade and hoe in this land again, or wrest my bread out



on 't? This house han been my curse. I 'll be free on 't and gang my ways out into the gurt wairld again where I can earn for mysen and Nanna."

As he spoke, he shouldered his bundle; and she, warily a-watch, saw his eyes move to the corner of the room where the boy sat playing and nibbling at his cake, and where the baby still slumbered; and into his face she saw the yearning look of fatherhood strike.

"As to the bairns——" he began, and broke off his speech with his thought unuttered. But that idea which had invaded his mind when in the bedroom, and which still hung there in suspense, now had possession of him. By law—so he told himself—the children were his and not his wife's, and his heart longed after them; he took a step towards the cradle. But she had read his eyes, and in a moment the outraged heart of wife and mother revealed itself, and the desperation of the resolve for which she was willing to sacrifice home, comfort, wellbeing, everything. Throughout these weeks on one point only had she made a stand: she had been resolute that not a finger of Nanna's should be laid upon the head of her children, nor her influence come near to hurt them. And so far she had succeeded. Now a desperate fear seized her, and she prepared for a last struggle. She seemed to take but a single leap across the room, and reaching the boy and snatching him in her arms, threw herself on the ground before the cradle and stretched over it, so covering her children as a mother will who fears disas-

ter and hurt to her offspring. In this posture she turned her head to glance, with a look of half-mad menace and half entreaty, at the man who stood over her.

"Nay!" she cried, her voice unrecognizable, "leave me my bairns. Wha, thinks ta, can love and tend and fight for 'em as I can? Tak' all else. Hannet I gi'en thee all? I 'st howd my bairnies that I bore. And the good Lord judge atwixt thee and me."

His eyes roved over the head of his boy. The child, safe in his mother's arms, and undisturbed even by her roughness, dreamed his child's absorbing dream, and played with the barley cake upon her shoulder; the baby slept on. The eyes of Silence, in a wild eloquence and energy, hung on his, commanding him, warning him; and his mind, thrown by the force of hers, surrendered his intention. He averted his head from the picture indelibly stamped upon his memory; obscurely in a brain drunk with illusions, he deciphered the meaning of it. A whisper of warning ran through his mind, the reality in things reaching him for a moment. He was astonished to feel a movement of pity and regret, strong, illogical, for the woman he had chosen to abandon, and who, he said, had betrayed him. He could not, dared not, rob her of her children.

In the firmly defined pride of one who takes his choice nor falters over it, he checked his impulse to stoop and kiss the boy, turned silently away and left the Farm.

*Emma Brooke.*

(To be continued.)

## THROUGH THE FRENCH SALONS.

The lamented death of Sir W. Orchardson, which just preceded the flowering season of the picture shows, was an event fitted to set us all look-

ing before and after over the history and tendency of modern art. A visit to the French Salons increases the inducement, especially to any one who,

like the present writer, has seen some eighteen consecutive exhibitions "in both kinds" over there. For whatever may be said against French art, no one, I suppose, ever denied it the quality of being more responsive to "movements" and the breath of change than English art has ever been. The reason why I couple the name of Orchardson with this facing-both-ways attitude is that, without probably quite knowing it, Orchardson was himself a kind of Janus, and stood in a curious fashion at the parting of the ways in modern painting. You realize this when you compare Orchardson's work with that of Millais—the greater painter of the two, the more accomplished, alert, vigorous, knowledgeable. Yet over Millais' work there hangs the shadow of old-fashion- edness, of early Victorianism (if you like the hackneyed phrase) from which Orchardson quite escapes. That was true of Millais to the end. "*Speak! Speak!*" one of his latest works, was by most reckoned a failure, not because it was ill-achieved, but because we had begun to think in a different way. Had Orchardson painted it the woman's face would have been less beautiful; but the picture would have been more of a picture: the husband would not have been there on one side, the ghost of the wife on the other, one in red-brown, the other all opal, and as pictorially inhabitants of two different worlds as the story demanded that they should be in a moral sense. From the first Orchardson always had the instinct of thinking his picture as a whole; and that is the root of the matter. Napoleon on the *Bellerophon* may be to the public the chief or sole object of interest; pictorially he would not exist without the group of marshals in the background. Very likely when he painted, like any other painter of historical genre in those days, Orchardson only thought consciously of his subject. But there is more in it than

that; there is the picture as well. In later work the painter grew to be self-conscious of this art of his, yet in these later works the true movement in modern art is beautifully emphasized—in the *Mariage de Convenance*, for instance, and in *Her Mother's Voice*.

The "movement in modern art." It is only a kind of snobbery which will pretend that the latest fashion in any art is the true and final form thereof. But movement, change, are necessary to vitality; and it is natural that the ways in art which are nearest to our own time should have most of our sympathies. I have not tried to give a name to that special "movement" in art, which belongs to our times: almost as much harm as good is done by definitions. Many sorts of phrases have been used to characterize the newer art. It is non-literary, we say; it appreciates values; it is pictorial: in one aspect of it it is impressionist. These are but attempts to characterize what any one who is at all interested in modern painting must be conscious of. He must also feel that it is something more than can be expressed by these terms. If one tried to define it philosophically one would be driven to say something like this: that it means a consideration (before neglected) for all those elements in a picture which cannot be distinctly named. The characteristic of the earlier, the Victorian art was that it thought too much in words, too little in paint. That gives the root of the matter, to any one who will reflect and can understand. For the "things" which go to make up a picture are only "things" because they happen to have distinct names; and names ("words, words") belong in right to literature, not to art. If dogs had speech, smells would have names and become "things." For the painter atmosphere, values, harmony, shades of color, these are things, or should be, not less than the tables, chairs, what-not of his scene:

only as the painter does his pictorial thinking, not in words, but in works, the phrases by which he expresses his thought and aims are generally inadequate and confusing.

Since Orchardson became the Janus of the New Movement, the latter has run a very rapid course, branching out in numberless streams and rivulets, very various in the breadth and purity of their channels, but all urged forward by the same force and nearly all making essentially in the same direction. When you go to the shows to-day—but better in the French than the English—you have no difficulty in picking out works which carry you in memory through almost all the phases and fashions that the “movement” has taken up with in the last twenty years or so. Real innovators are rare. The best pictures which you find in any individual exhibition have their parentage written pretty visibly upon their face. All the varieties and forms of the movement are too many to be named. You will find too in the French Salons not a few examples of styles which have now an almost antiquarian interest, so long has all that is most vital abandoned them. For if the Frenchman on one side loves motion and change, he is on another side of his nature the most conservative creature beneath the heavens.

Of the French Salons everybody, it is to be presumed, knows at least the two principal shows, which for the public at large represent the year's art—that of the Old Salon (which proclaims this year its 128th exhibition) is titulary the Salon de la Société des Artistes Français, and the other show, which, though twenty years old, is still by comparison the New Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts. (I shall distinguish generally these exhibitions as A.F. and S.N. respectively. For if we are to group our pictures according to any *idea* it is impossible to

preserve the mere mechanical distribution of a catalogue.) The newer Salon—this it is to be presumed every one knows—was founded by a secession of what seemed twenty years since almost “all the talents” from the Artistes Français, headed by the imposing name of Meissonier. A certain number of the original seceders—the *Fondateurs*—still exhibit—Dagnan-Bouveret, for instance and Carolus-Duran, of whom the talent *was* very real. Little of it remains in their work to-day.<sup>1</sup> So that the two exhibitions have in point of interest levelled up and down much more than was the case half a dozen years ago. There is now a new secession and a new exhibition, that of the Artistes Indépendents, some five years old. This too I was fortunate enough to see; for this too has a place, a bizarre one, in the movement. But that exhibition closed soon after the opening of the more important and official Salons, and to the great body of the public it is practically unknown. You may still see specimens of the pre-historic chocolate-box picture, work which looks more early Victorian than our earliest. Yet this genre too in its day reached its apogee, what time it claimed a really fine draughtsman, Bouguereau, as its exponent. It is an art to look at—alas! Dagnan-Bouveret himself seems to have relapsed to this in his *Ophélie* (S.N. 308); and in No. 438 of the same exhibition or in Seignac's *Tentation* (A.F. 1674) you have almost perfect examples—to look at and pass as quickly as may be. Nor need we to stay long with that peculiar child of French art—*uralt* and yet not dead nor dying—the great historical picture or the allegorical *panneau décoratif*, generally “commandé par l'Etat,” of which the type is scarce known among us.

<sup>1</sup> The most tragic instance of decay to be met with in the Société Nationale is Courtois' “Hercule et Omphale” (S.N. 292). Carolus-Duran exhibits three portraits of small merit in the same Salon. For some reason his name is omitted from the Catalogue.

That too, is often prehistoric. Note the wonderful M. Jules Simon proclaiming the Republic in 1870 as painted by M. Delance (S.N. 360). Could any one in life, you ask, flourish his hat so high, stick out his chest so far? There is another in the same show, symbolical and in subject very much up to date, *Humanité* (by Georges-Bertrand, S.N. 537) navigating, or rather not navigating, a barge in which are a woman and her babe rescued from the recent floods. Jean Paul Laurens used almost every year to produce something good in this kind. He has now painted a vast one for Baltimore (A.F. 1125). But we must count him too among the decayed.<sup>2</sup> Yet we cannot reckon this order of work as dead. For the new spirit has often entered it, that new spirit of decoration which is embodied in the work of Puvis de Chavannes. Besnard has in former exhibitions shown good work of this kind. Wherefore as a class these *grandes tartines* must be looked on as transitional, not antique. They may be of that "movement" that interests us. In another form this "movement" came in as *movement*, what time a number of artistes were attracted to portray dancers—Spanish dancers generally—and very often bull-fight scenes which had a certain connection with the dancer class. Degas gave a variety in his ballet-girls. Sargent's *Carmencita* and after him (a good way) Dannat's unending Spanish dancers were most typical of this phase. It ran its course, this fashion, and became rather irritating in the inferior hands; and it subsists. Polaire as she is painted by M. Jean Sale (S.N. 1093) is of this kind, dull, not bad, not good. Portraits too were and are painted in the same fashion, in the *Carmencita* spirit—women just sitting down or getting up, or about to get up,

<sup>2</sup> Both his sons, on the other hand, have produced good and unpretentious pictures. The "Portrait de Claude"—a boy in a chair with a dog—by Jean Pierre Laurens (N. S. 1127) is particularly attractive.

not quite in movement, not in repose. Sargent's work again springs to memory in his *Mrs. Hammersley*. But Sargent has been far outdone in this form if Impressionism by Boldini, who for years has sent a series of these rather jumpy portraits to the Société Nationale, pictures noticeable at their worst, and for their technical qualities pleasing to the instructed. Boldini has of late been inclined to parody himself. He seems now (S.N. Nos. 132-4) to give us the grin without the cat. The alert pose, the immensely rapid and brilliant brush-work are there; but the resulting figures are more like manikins than humans. Notable in the same Salon is the *Portrait du Dr. C.*, by Alaux (S.N. 10), where we have a head rendered with some vigor, but arms and hands over which a steam-roller has passed, mere indications, flattened out to a degree incredible. Everywhere something more than mere portraiture is sought, some effect of light to give the "impression." Hardly in the two shows together will you find half a dozen portraits posed and painted in the old "studio light," which sufficed for Millais and still suffices for many of the best portrait-painters "on this side." In the Salon of the Artistes Français there happen to hang in one room a group of portraits by Flemeng (A.F. 762), by Méry (A.F. 1346), by Krausz (A.F. 1074)—French catalogues do not give the names of sitters, and it skills not to repeat *Portrait de Madame W.K.V.*, and so forth—which are all good and varied examples of effects of light, sunlight or artificial light.

But there is another class of portraits different from these, those of which Whistler is the origin and inspiration, and of which Mr. Lavery is one of the best exponents either here or there. In these the search for atmosphere and values takes us away from the portrait of Millais' time. Mr. Lavery is not ill-represented in the Société Nationale by

portraits of his wife and of his daughter, and by one of Madame Ojselle J. (S.N. 752), which last is the best of the three. But it is Mr. Harold Speed who gives us in the same gallery the best "Lavery," in his portrait of Miss Stella Patrick Campbell. A closer adherence to the Whistler tradition has always been that of M. La Gandara, one of the old and distinguished exhibitors in this show, who in the last few years has declined much as Boldini has done. Of his pictures too, this year it must be said that they give us the grin without the cat—the "atmosphere" in this case, but almost wooden figures enclosed therein. Blanche is now a better painter than either; and, though he is too dashing not often to miss the mark, he sometimes hits it with consummate effect, as in his portrait of the Duchess of Rutland (S.N. 120). The Société Nationale has devoted special space to the work of this clever and much-belauded artist, one whole room on the ground floor being occupied by pictures and sketches from his hand.

And there is a third manner of portraiture which has never, I think, been imitated here, though this would seem the proper birth-place for it. I mean that fog-effect which Carrière introduced, and which though it seemed a half ridiculous freak at first, was justified by success. For no one—to choose one example—can look on Carrière's portrait of Verlaine in the Luxembourg without admiration. Carrière himself is dead. There is at the Artistes Français a genre portrait group or genre picture by Leydet (*Le Gouter*, A.F. 1205) which is the best worth notice among pictures more or less in this style. There are, of course, lots of good portraits which one cannot so easily class. *Mrs. Purcell Fitzgerald and her Sons*, by Mr. Longstaff, the Australian painter (A.F. 1227); *Mrs. G. Bancroft*, by Mr. Hugh Rivière (A.F. 1598); *Mon Amie Marguerite*, by Mlle. Lavrut (A.F.

1143); *M. Richepin* by Marcel Baschet (A.F. 120); A.F. 767, *Portrait*, by Florot; *Portrait de M.S.* by Dawant (A.F. 506). But Mr. Frank Craig's portrait of his wife (A.F. 536) is audaciously Whistlerian, a mere stagnant pool of the river, promising nothing for the future. Aman-Jean's soft, fading men and women (S.N. 15, 16) are as they have always been. Leempoel's excellently painted looking-glass picture (S.N. 775) may be included in this category.

One of the most interesting forms of reaction against the heavy oiliness of the old painting (of which so much survives in our Academy pictures) was the rush into extremely light efforts—white beds in white-washed rooms, with perhaps an effect of paling lamp-light in gray dawn. Any one who remembers the Salons sixteen or eighteen years ago must remember the number and variety of these pictures, where a great number were hospital interiors. In the Luxembourg we have a most typical example of this genre, *Le Réve*, by Richemont; and I hope that this painting (now skied) will never disappear; for it is a landmark such as are few. Specimens of this particular phase of *le mouvement* are to be met with in tolerable frequency in modern shows. Morisset's *Rayon de Soleil* (S.N. 923) is one. Such are A. Pinto's *L'heure heureuse* (A.F. 1521), a portrait by Pouzargues (A.F. 1536). It was in following the same hint of reaction that Puvis de Chavannes came to revolutionize the art of decoration. And he has been followed, but with originality, by Besnard, whose decorative work (in the Ecole de Pharmacie and elsewhere) it is to be hoped every one knows. His picture of this year is worth attention (S.N. 110). In landscape this "light" movement was even more conspicuous and widespread. Are we in truth to reckon it other than an evolution of the *plein-air* painting, which, under Bastien Lepage, reached



its apogee in the middle eighties, and which, through the specimens in the French Exhibition of 1889, revolutionized landscape work here (and painting of interiors also), in our Arthur Lemons, Pagetts, Stanhope Forbes, &c., and generally the Newlyn and St. Ives schools? It paid back thus the debt which French landscape-painting owed to Constable. The essential of all this still survives in a vast number of landscapes with effects of light, gentle evening light, sunset or sunrise, which are well worth looking at.

A different class again are the strongly, almost violently, sun-lit scenes, a kind of painting which has never been achieved better than by a Spanish school of landscapists and impressionists. The exhibition of Sorolla-y-Bastida's work at the Grafton Gallery a year or two since has made that art familiar here. It was one of the most striking features in the French Exhibition of 1900. Sorolla-y-Bastida does not exhibit in the Salons this year. Laparra, who, we believe, is a Spaniard born in France, has a style of his own, strong enough in effect of light, but rather weird, and as it were symbolic, but well worth looking at (A.F. 1108, *Regard en Arrière*, especially, an old knight about to descend into a black gorge under an evening sun). More simple but almost violent is the effect in Montenard's picture of the aquatic sports at Toulon (S.N. 904), and in Firmin's man coming from the barn followed by his ass (A.F. 762). But for brilliancy L. Deutch's *Barque du Nil* (A.F. 649) outdoes all others. In the same exhibition M. Doigneau has two charming pictures from the Camargue (A. F. 672-3). Ponchin's *Etang de Caronte* (A.F. 1534) is good, and Mlle. Laffitte's *Eté* (A.F. 1082) a child among rocks by the sea—is, taken for all in all, one of the best effects of ordinary sunlight to be met with. With these we may link a number of other land-

scapes or half-landscapes (as of some manufactory in its surroundings) and city scenes, all notable for their dash. Such are Gillot's *Pours à Cokés* (S.N. 551) and his two Thames scenes (552, 3), Alfred Smith's pictures in the Société Nationale (*Déjeuner sous Bois*, *La Côte d'Azur*, *le Moulin d'Esparnis*, *Verges en Fleurs* &c.), Ferdinand Olivier's at Marigues (S.N. 970-1), Dauphin's *Le Matin: Pêcheurs de Girelles, Méditerranée* (S.N. 329), full of light and shimmer. Extremely up-to-date is Roger's *L'Accident* in the Artistes Français (No. 1606). Chabas' *Sous les branches. Lac-d'Annecy*, with poor flesh painting, gives that wonderful effect of really liquid water which the artist loves, and it must be said often repeats (A.F. 424). M. Pagos' *Mariniers* (Pont Neuf) is a good but tolerably simple effect (A.F. 1454).

All these pictures seem poles apart from the severer decorative art which came from Puvis, and which in an original form reaches a very high level in Henri Martin. This painter, usually one of the most important exhibitors, does not show this year, and the gap is a wide one. One or two pictures we have of lesser merit, such as Mr. Raymond Glaire's *Le Printemps* (A.F. 867): and this style of work again fades away almost to tapestry in André Dauchez' *Les Peris de Lescontil* (in the Société Nationale, No. 328). Yet Puvis (through Bastien), and therefore the disciples of Puvis, belong by descent as much to the new movement as the most "momentary" artist of the exhibition. Nay, in his style of painting M. Martin must be classed among the *vibristes*. Thus, a stream of tendency which, though its channels were many, seemed single in its direction, appears at last to produce opposing currents. We have the impressionism, the rapid brush-work, the seized moment of sunlight which express movement, and we have the work of the school of Puvis de

Chavannes, which is before all things monumental. The very fact that Puvis has found a decorative art which can become part of the building it is applied to, which, instead of being a hole in the wall, seems to have come into being with the architecture, that alone makes his painting monumental; and Puvis contributes to that effect by a "willed" simplicity, descending often to ineffectiveness in drawing. These two opposites may, however, be found combined in certain painters whose work, though essentially decorative and not unmonumental, has yet the shimmer, the vibration, of the new movement. Besnard is of this category when at his best. He is not seen at his best in his picture in the present exhibition of the S.N. Still he is seen. Another painter of the same order, an Englishman, but chiefly French by reputation, is Mr. Bunny, whose picture at the Luxembourg shows these combined qualities, something monumental along with something extremely vivid and vibrating in the color. He is to be seen in three or four pictures in the Société Nationale (Nos. 197-200), if not at his best; but this is partly from the pictures not being well hung this year. Even in these dignity of pose with vibrating color are sufficiently shown. In this direction I look in the future for a new art. We cannot go back to the simple lives and naïveté of the Primitives, nor to the homeliness of the Dutch genre paint-

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ers. But we are not bound to rush forward for ever in the road of mere sensationalism, nor to degrade painting to be no more than a search for "patterns." We may rise out of the turmoil to a high dignity which is not obtained by that "shrinking out of the race" which Milton deprecates; and to the alertness and sensitiveness which are implied by the shimmer and the impressionism of the new art we may learn to couple something of an Olympian calm. But if the Salon des Indépendents is taken to represent the newest thing out, we have not yet approached our inheritance. No dignity was to be found there. In the earlier rooms there were pictures which, though they carried the "shimmer" motive almost to an absurdity, yet did produce an effect, were individual without being insane. As you passed farther on you found yourself more and more among complete Bedlam pictures, which, if possible, out-Gauguined Gauguin and out-Van-Gogh'd Van Gogh. Neither Gauguin nor Van Gogh is probably known in England save to a few curious amateurs; therefore, there is no reason to enlarge on their eccentricities. Probably the "Indépendents" on the whole had better be treated as an eccentricity than as foreshadowing anything substantial; and it is a saving grace that this year in the *Homage to Cezanne* it contained at least one intended parody of its own most characteristic work.

C. F. Keary.

## SOME OF A HUNDRED BEST BOOKS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

When Sir William Molesworth, editor of the works of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, contested the borough of Southward, he was met upon the hustings by angry cries of "No 'Obbes!" The crowd that yelled forth this de-

nunciation had but the vaguest idea as to who 'Obbes might be, did not know the name of a single treatise he had written, were obviously unconscious of the fact that he usually wrote his surname with the initial "H." They had

been told by Sir William Molesworth's political opponents that Hobbes was a dangerous, unorthodox man, and that any one so far lost to a sense of decency as to edit his works was emphatically not the man to represent Southwark in the British House of Parliament.

There was something vaguely flattering to the self-esteem of the free and independent electors in thus proposing Hobbes to them as a ground of disagreement with one of the candidates. Whosoever he might be, he was evidently a literary person of some account; had, as far as they could make out, lived a long time ago; and had written works over which learned scholars wrangled. To pronounce an opinion respecting him naturally presupposed an acquaintance with his writings. So they drowned Sir William Molesworth's voice in cries of "No 'Obbes!" and probably were really earnest in their desire that Southwark should, once for all, set its mark against the promulgation of 'Obbes's theories, whatever they might be.

Clearly this was an absurd crowd. But I am not sure that some of us whose literary attainments rank higher are not on a par with it, inasmuch as we daily shout out "No 'Obbes!" or "'Obbes for ever!"—generally the latter—at the mention of certain well-sounding names in literature, with the works of the owners whereof we have no more intimate acquaintance than had the Southwark crowd with *Human Nature* or the *Treatise on the Body Politic*. There is Milton, for example. How many who write or talk about the blind poet with gushing admiration ever read *Paradise Lost* all through, not to mention *Paradise Regained*? And Spenser: who has read the *Faerie Queene* from first line to last? Of those who have, who honestly pines over the loss of the concluding six books? Who reads Chaucer now, except members

of Chaucer Societies, who are never in company ten minutes before they let everybody know of their experience, just as a man who has gone through and overcome great tribulation likes to talk about it, and extort the sympathy of those whose withers are unwrung. Or even Dante. We say reflectively, "He was a sublime man; so intense in his feelings, so vivid in his conceptions, so graphic in his portraiture!" But did we ever read his *Divine Comedy* throughout? Voltaire was clearly of opinion that a great many of us had not. To a respectable person who was rhapsodizing about the sad-visaged Florentine—see with what easy picturesqueness of phrase I write about him—he said, "Ah, yes! his reputation will be continually growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him."

Charles Lamb, chatting about books and reading, protests: "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in the shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without:" the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything."

Beattie is not of much account now, though it would be just as well if one were able to say one liked him. Soame Jenyns, regarded in the light of a writer one "ought to know," scarcely outlived his generation. He was not of much account in it, if we accept in proof a contemporary stanza

wherein occur the following lines:

Where, like a farthing link-boy, Jenyns  
stands,  
And the dim torch drops from his feeble  
hands.

It is not without a shudder that I observe the honored names of Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson included in a category in common with almanacs and lettered draught-boards. I have the works of all three writers on the top shelves of my treasured library. Hume is in eight volumes, and I have read nearly to the end of the second. Gibbon I have never read, though I have always been drawn towards him by the recorded observation of some great man (name I forget at the moment) to the effect that it was reading the *Decline and Fall* that "first made him think." When I was young and arduous I read Robertson's *History of Scotland*, but not his other works. However, I feel quite at ease on that score, having the volumes on my bookshelves, honestly intending to read them all through some day.

I need not say it is far from my intention to question the absolute merit of the principal works of men whose names are canonized in modern literature. It is above the region of controversy. What I am anxious to know is, admitting, as we all do, that they are transcendently superior to the works of modern writers, how is it that they are not read? Would any one having a reputation to preserve venture to rise in critical company and declare his preference for Thackeray over Fielding? I know I dare not, although Richardson, with Dr. Johnson's approval, sneered at Fielding. "If," he said, "I had not known who the writer of *Tom Jones* was, I would have thought it was an ostler." (I do not mind privately confessing that though I have, as in duty bound, read *Tom Jones*

once, I have lingered over *Vanity Fair* half-a-dozen times.)

It is an added perplexity for the honest inquirer to discover that, of the writers whom he knows he ought to revere if not to read, some are spoken of with disrespect in high quarters. If we believe Plato, Homer was not such a great writer after all. Of Plato himself Mr Lewes remarks: "He is a tedious and difficult writer, often quoted at second hand, but very rarely read. Men of culture usually attack a dialogue or two out of curiosity; but their curiosity seldom inspires them to further progress." Sophocles was in his old age seriously regarded as a lunatic by his own children, who ought to have known something about him. Aristophanes mercilessly chaffed Socrates, whilst Athenæus attempts to prove that the great teacher was himself illiterate. Virgil was declared by Pliny to have stolen such slight beauties as his poems may display. Quintilian says Seneca was no great shakes. Cicero and Plutarch are both down on Aristotle. Demosthenes is poohpooched by Hermippus. Of Cicero it has been written that he is "cold in his extemporaneous effusions, artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained raillery, and tiresome in his digressions."

Coming down to the gods of our own household, does it not make the hair stand on end to find Tom Moore declaring he found Chaucer "unreadable"? Lord Lansdowne (a forbear of the present Leader of the House of Lords) said he was secretly of the same opinion, but did not dare to speak of it. "A.K.H. B." writes: "I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton." "What will you say," inquires Lord Chesterfield, "when I tell you that I cannot possibly read our countryman Milton through? Keep the secret for me, for if it should be known I should be abused by every tasteless pedant and every solid divine

in Europe." Charles Lamb says: "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him," which, not to put too fine a point on it, is an inconvenient essential attached to a favorite author. Even Shakespeare has not been spared. Ben Jonson, "Rare Ben Jonson" (rarest of all in the matter of readers), began it with the repartee to Shakespeare's admirer who boasted that the great Bard had never blotted out a single line he wrote. "Would that he had blotted a thousand!" sighed Ben. Mr. Samuel Rogers (whom everybody knows as the author of that charming but never read poem, *The Pleasures of Memory*) was fond of repeating the joke, believing that Shakespeare was a greatly overrated man. Nor was he in this matter alone in his coterie. "Well, after all, Tom," said Byron to Moore one day, "don't you think Shakespeare was something of a humbug?"

I have quoted Voltaire's scathing remark about Dante. "Can you read Voltaire's *Henriade*?" asked Mr. Senior of De Tocqueville. "No; nor can any one else," was the prompt reply. Once at Abbotsford it was remarked, in Sir Walter Scott's presence, that the speaker had never known any one who had read the *Henriade* through. "I have read it, and live," replied Sir Walter. "But, indeed, in my youth I read everything."

Mrs. Browning humbly confessed that she could never read to the end of Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*. Emerson was equally lacking in appreciation of this highly respected man. So was Dr. Johnson. "Sir, I could not read it through," he says when Boswell refers to "the distinguished poem." "I see they have published a splendid edition of Akenside's works," he proceeds. "One bad ode may be suffered, but a number of them together makes one sick."

Dr. Johnson had, indeed, a painfully reckless way of tweaking the noses on the monumental figures in our literary Valhalla. I reflect with sorrow on the fact that *London: a Poem, Rasselas*, and *The Rambler* are to-day little read, though I dare say we all have them in our libraries. Of the author of the famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* the Doctor snarls, "We have had enough of Gray." Of Churchill he remarked, "I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I call him a blockhead still." Of Fielding Dr. Johnson also observed that he was "a blockhead;" and upon Bozzy's venturing to express "astonishment at so strange an assertion," the Doctor was good enough to explain, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is that he is a barren rascal." Of Richardson he said, "Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story you would hang yourself." Upon Gay's *Beggar's Opera* he pronounced the following verdict—"collecting himself as it were to give a heavy stroke"—"There is in it such a labefaction of all principles as may be injurious to morality." This criticism is perhaps outdone in originality and weight by that of the Duke of Queensberry on the same work. "This is a very odd thing, Gay," said his Grace on reading the opera. "I am satisfied that it is either a very good thing or a very bad thing." Johnson was rather partial to Dr. Watts, but Prior suffered heavily at his hands. "My dear lady," he said to Mrs. Thrale, who was defending the poet, "talk no more of this. Nonsense can only be defended by nonsense."

Intimate as I, of course, am with the writings of the men whose honored names are here lightly spoken of—beginning each morning with a page of Homer, and "spending my days and nights with Addison," not to mention spare hours stolen for delightful and easy converse with Chaucer, Spenser,



and Milton—it is natural that I should be pained when I read of distinguished persons declaring with more or less boldness that they don't care a brass farthing for them. Dr. Johnson, it is true, is the only one who ventures to talk treason in voice above a whisper. Voltaire, it will be observed, was careful to construct his epigram at the expense of Dante in a way that left it to be understood that though the multitude were not able to live in the rarefied air of the *Inferno* or the *Paradiso*, he personally read these books constantly, and did not unduly hasten even out of the *Purgatorio*. Tom Moore was evidently humbled when he found he could not read Chaucer. "In what terms some speak of him! while I confess I find him unreadable." Lord Lansdowne, as we have seen, his guilty secret stolen from him in a moment of surprise, implored that he might not be betrayed. Lord Chesterfield is equally nervous, and Charles Lamb's affected sprightliness does not hide the

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concern he felt at the possible consequences of his indiscreet communicativeness.

This is a healthy sign, tempering the sorrow with which we see heresy springing up in unexpected places. There are not lacking folk who say that affected enthusiasm for certain old writers, whose books we possess but do not read, prevails for reasons akin to those which make a flock of sheep put themselves to the inconvenience of jumping over an imaginary rail because their leader has so leapt. This is an explanation that does not commend itself to minds of finer texture. It is easy to cry, "No 'Obbes!" It is the respectable thing to do. It has, moreover, an air of erudition. If no inconvenient questions bearing on details are asked, I shall, to the end of the chapter, when reference is made to some of the Hundred Best Books, cry "No 'Obbes!" or "'Obbes for ever!" as circumstances may seem to require.

## EMMA.

When I married John and went to America I didn't know what I was in for. I am sure I should not have married him if I had known, and that would have been a pity, because John is lovable, and I love him, and no doubt that's the thing that matters most. He seems to get more lovable as we go along, and certainly my worries don't decrease in volume or intensity, so that I need all the compensation I am able to gather from this amiable trait in his character.

Emma has been my latest and most acute worry: at the same time, I have had an immense amount of amusement and ultimate satisfaction out of my dealings with Emma, and now that those dealings with her are completed

and her destiny handed over to others, I feel as if I must jot down what Scotch accountants—John is Scotch and an accountant—would call my "intromissions" with Emma.

We had, in the summer of 1907, the misfortune to lose the services of Molly, and when she left my New York apartment in her husband's arms—he literally carried her fainting form from our elevator to the street-car that bore her and him away to the railway "depot," and thence to Toronto—I felt as if there would never be any domestic peace or comfort for me again. Molly had "done for" me for years—nursed the children, nursed me, mended our raiment, brushed John's clothes, house-maided for us, scolded the colored man

into nightly blacking of our boots till they were shinier than the ebony face of that unworthy African himself. She had marketed, catered, cooked, and kept her temper for us for five long years, and at length had accumulated such a satisfactory dowry that the estimable Scotch footman who had emigrated to Canada, after securing Molly's young affections, and there made a home and the elements of a fortune, felt that the time had come to take Molly fully into partnership, and had come down to New York for that purpose.

Molly's tears were not shed on her own account. They were shed for me and the children. Molly knew what she was abandoning us to—she had seen it happen in other families of her acquaintance—and Molly did well to weep for us.

John had work in Boston, and we were going to our usual summer quarters on Lake Champlain in a week, so I decided we would all go to Boston—I and the two little girls—with him. The boys were at school, and were to join us presently. So we shut up our apartment in New York—I had never dared embark on the more extended scale of house-keeping there, involved in having a house to oneself—and we set out.

Now if Molly had been invaluable to us in one place rather than another, it certainly was in our summer holiday quarters. Here our freedom depended on her doing nearly all our housework and making every preparation for our spending the days, from morning till night, in the open air.

I had to find some one to replace her. New York I had drawn blank, hopelessly and desperately blank. I scarcely expected it would have been otherwise. My hopes centred in Boston. As every English man and woman knows who has ever been to Boston, it is accounted the city of the

Union more undeniably like unto England than any other. Does not every American of either sex there residing ask every Briton arriving if he or she is not of that opinion? And if there is hesitation in reply, the inquirer will supply the affirmative answer for you.

Then surely in Boston there must be some sympathy for the distracted British female bereft of her Molly and bound for a summer home on Lake Champlain. I felt that there must be. Accordingly, John being gone to his office, I took my two little girls and set out with hopeful steps to the Employment Bureau I had been commended to.

I sat there, and so did the children, from nine o'clock in the morning till the setting of the sun. We had a short interval for luncheon at a neighboring hotel.

I think every Margaret Flanagan and Elizabeth O'Leary and Bridget Sullivan in Massachusetts must have interviewed me. To a woman they declined to enter my service, or else I declined their proffered attentions. I couldn't reconcile myself to anything so deplorably different from Molly as these ladies from the Emerald Isle. Neither could I reconcile myself to the Johannas and Marias and Lottas from Germany and Scandinavia who passed before me in unending lines of ignorance and inexperience. Well-meaning and anxious to please I am certain many of them were. But I would let them experiment on other vile bodies, not on ours. Then came night, as I have said, and wearily we dragged, or rather I dragged, our jaded persons home to our hotel. The children wept. They said it was for me, poor dears; it was because they were, like me, worn to the extremity of headache and misery by our dreadful day and by the thought that we had to undergo another such on the morrow.

John was sympathetic and also use-

ful. He telephoned early to the bureau and said I was "sick": that I must see only such servants as were, from their known virtues, likely to be worth my seeing; and the lady in charge was considerate, and said she had a jewel in the shape of Almira Fox for my inspection—American born—a treasure.

I felt sure Almira would suit. The children had slept off their headaches; we set out across Boston Common. Almira was awaiting us. She was not young, and she appeared to be resolute, judging from the expression of her eye. I felt she was critical, and was glad—Molly was critical of everyone but ourselves. She sat down beside me.

I asked Almira all about herself, and she told me. She enjoyed the recitation of her successes. They were evidently numerous and remarkable; and one wondered that any mistress had ever found it in her heart to part with Almira's society. "Boston born and bred" Almira was, and forty dollars a-month was the very least any one had ever ventured to offer for her attentions. This seemed high, but then my need was sore, and Almira's virtues were evidently priceless. She said she was not over strong, "never sick, but sometimes under the weather." I was sympathetic.

She had finished, and I began. I told her at length what her duties would be. I painted an alluring picture of our happy and united household—the children were smiling evidences of it all. Almira listened. Presently she leant forward towards me, laid her hand gently on my knee, and said, "My dear, I'm tired already."

Wearily I rose to go: I didn't feel I could face anything more that morning. The children's mouths were drooping ominously. Violet took my hand and squeezed it; Janie took the other and held it tight.

At this moment—Almira standing

with a wicked smile on her malignant features—the book-keeper of the bureau burst into the room. Would I at once see "Emma" before I made any other arrangements. (I have since felt a conviction that Almira's ways were well known in that bureau.) Emma Smith had unexpectedly come in—the very person they had been hoping for on my behalf. Emma was believed to have gone to a family in Vermont—but here was Emma.

Well, Emma was "tired already." Any one could see that: it was written all over her weary limbs and her withered cheeks. I couldn't find it in my heart to cross-examine Emma about anything. She was kind and friendly.

She wanted kindness and friendliness, and she was English—very English,—and seemed rather lost in America. The book-keeper said Emma's references were undeniable, but she was not young—that was the only reason she was out of place. Lake Champlain would revive her—rejuvenate her. I said, "Emma, I want a maid. Will you come and work for me?"

And Emma smiled as she looked from me to the children and back again and said, "Yes, ma'am, I will."

John asked me when we got back if I had had a satisfactory character with the new maid. I said, "Yes—at least I felt sure it was all right. She looked honest—and tired."

Probably this last word appealed to John, who is generally tactful, and he made no more inquiries. Emma Smith set out that night for our summer quarters, taking her limited—very limited—baggage along with her.

I will admit now that I had some misgivings, but I pondered them in my own heart only, and preserved an outward cheerfulness.

Four days later the children and I followed Emma. Jeremiah Hanscome met us at the railway station. We

were hot, dusty, and travel-stained, and the sight of Jerry was refreshing after the train had clanged and roared itself out of sight and hearing, and left us to the blessed peace and loveliness of the hills and woods.

Jeremiah is the chief prop of our existence on Lake Champlain. I cannot possibly imagine how we should ever get there, or exist when we had got there, without him.

To begin with, he is the only person with a cart and horse within possible distance of the railway and our house, so he serves as the one link between us and civilization. Then he is a farmer in a small, but variegated, way of business. We depend on him for meat, vegetables, milk, fruit, poultry, news, newspapers, letters, gossip, carpentry, ironmongery, the weather forecast (for the Weather Bureau doesn't seem to apply to Lake Champlain), locomotion by land or water, and all our chores. Now every American at least will appreciate the value of the last-named service.

And besides all this—or perhaps one should say, in spite of it—we like Jeremiah exceedingly.

So the sight of him humped up on the "cushion" of his rickety old "carry-all" was refreshing to us. He sat with one leg crossed over the other, his battered old hat cocked over one eye, and his hands and the other eye tenderly busy with the mouth and nerves of a beautiful bay colt harnessed in the shafts.

"I can't git down, but just you make that colored man thar heist up your suit-cases, and do it quick. Thar, now. And now, Mis' Ogilvie, in yo' git. I'm pleased to see you all. This durned hoss ain't learned sense yet, but I guess he will soon—sure."

The colt plunged and shook the antique harness till one felt something must give way, but nothing did, and away we went, Jerry steadying the horse and steering him beautifully past

every obstacle. It was a delight to see him drive.

"A new horse, Jerry?"

"Yep."

"Where did you get such a beauty?"

Jerry only grinned and spat—I regret to say he chews tobacco, bad tobacco, all the time. He also expectorates in a fearsome fashion when moved by any emotion, but I must admit that his aim is careful and miraculous. I pass from this painful topic.

Well, I saw that Jeremiah Hanscom meant to reserve the story of the acquisition of his horse, so I did not push the inquiry then. The miles flew under us, and we were deposited on our own piazza, and the colt was walking quietly and steadily away to the farm on the hill-side.

Emma was smiling in the doorway, and cool things were visible on the dining-room table within.

Emma was almost unrecognizable. Her wizened face seemed broadened and softened already; she had a faint color in her cheeks, and her shabby black raiment had been replaced by a neat and well-ironed print dress and apron. Her scanty hair was as smooth as wax. All my misgivings vanished, and I knew that Emma was going to turn out a treasure.

She had got the whole house into spick and span order—everything seemed to be in its place; and peace descended upon us. We were to stay here till October by our beloved lake—on it and in it every day. It was now only June, and John and the boys were coming on Saturday.

Jeremiah had told me on the way from the railway that his wife was "sick," and I had promised to go up and see her. Sure enough, she was "sick," and her cough was a thing of dread to listen to. I went up the hill to the farm in the evening, after I had rested a little. The children were

helping Emma to get our supper ready. It was easy to see she liked children, and they responded.

Mrs. Hanscom lay on a couch—a very hard and comfortless couch it was—near the window of their living-room. Jeremiah was warming up some milky food for her when I entered.

The poor woman seemed miserable at his having to do it, wretched that she lay helpless while he had to do her work, and it was touching to see her, and pleasant to see good old Jeremiah's kindly ways.

"You don't need to worry, Mis' Hanscom," he was saying. "I'm used to feeding the horses and the cattle and the pigs, and I don't know but I can feed your chickens and you too, all in the day's work. Here's Mis' Ogilvie, she'll see you take it while I git on with the colt. Come right in, Mis' Ogilvie, right here, and take the rocker. Mis' Hanscom will be pleased to have you stay a little."

So I stayed and gossiped to poor Mrs. Hanscom. It was borne in on me that Jerry's cares were to thicken, and I couldn't help admiring the order of everything in the humble room.

Mrs. Hanscom told me how good he was to her since she had been ill—nearly all winter it seemed,—and I think she liked to have someone to confide in about him. She said he had driven thirty miles and back to bring a doctor to see her, who, he thought, might help her back to health. And at night he would be up making her warm drinks to stop her coughing, and always pretending he was awake anyway. Jeremiah evidently was a tender husband, and his wife liked one to know it and understand his virtues. She told me how happy they had always been in the farm. Jeremiah had his army pension; he owned the farm and he owned the corner plot where the hotel was to be built in the dim future, and he had three hundred dollars

in the Granite State Trust Company's Bank at Dover, New Hampshire, his native city, while she had two hundred dollars in the Bay State Investment and Securities Company Bank in Boston, and many other intimate details of their connubial serenity. And she asked me if I hadn't noticed Jeremiah's blue eyes, and if I liked them, and I admitted I did. It seemed to do the poor thing good to talk about it all, and I promised to come again, and often, and see her.

"Yes—Mis' Ogilvie—and will you let that maid of yours come once in a while? She's been mighty kind coming up the last two days after she heard from Mr. Hanscom how I was fixed. Yes, she seems a mighty kind and lovely sort of woman that, and yo're in luck in hevving her in place of Molly Wyatt."

I was glad to hear Emma was a lovely sort of woman, and some of her "loveliness" was apparent when I got home, for there she was playing hide-and-seek with the children as if she had known them all their lives, and already on the friendliest terms with them both.

"Oh, mother, Emma's splendid! She runs like a hare, and knows all the best hiding-places in the house already."

John and the boys came in due time, and John pronounced Emma to be a success, and the boys said she was "decent."

Summer sped away, and we were rested and happy; but poor Mrs. Hanscom grew worse, and Jeremiah grew sadder. And the time came for us to be off to New York again, so we were packed into the carryall in two contingents behind Jerry's newest horse,—for he had sold the beautiful colt at a price that he did not disclose to the world at large. Clearly it was a good price, for Jeremiah grinned when the sale was referred to, and spat with



simply wonderful accuracy and ingenuity of aim.

New York swallowed us up and winter came. Soon after Christmas we heard poor Mrs. Hanscom was dead, and that Jeremiah had ordered a magnificent and costly tombstone for the little cemetery in honor of her. He sent us a copy of the epitaph that he and the minister had jointly composed, and a variety of appallingly black-edged cards with hymns and obituary details imprinted.

I wrote and condoled—very sincerely,—and the children and John sent messages, and Emma desired her sincere sympathy to the widower.

A week or two later a blow descended on us all. Emma had a letter from England saying her sister had died and her bedridden old mother would have to be moved to the workhouse infirmary unless Emma came to look after her. This was more than Emma could bear. She had saved a trifle out of her wages during the summer and winter, and the poor woman had, two days later, bought a steerage passage to Southampton and sailed for England. She vowed she would come out again some day to us, but I felt it was good-bye for ever to Emma and her willing cheery service, and resigned myself to the adverse fate which pursues the housewife in the "Land of the Free." And I had adversities. More than ever we learned to value the departed Emma. And when it came to be May again, and time for our annual move, it was only by dint of hourly reminding myself of the many blessings that I enjoyed, that I was able to keep from blaspheming the whole system of domestic service of the United States and save my nervous system from absolute "prostration."

Somehow we got to Lake Champlain; and Isabella, the wretched substitute for our invaluable Emma, accompanied us, and inflicted daily torment on us.

Jeremiah was sympathetic at once.

"Ain't a mite of Emma Smith about her, I can see that, Mis' Ogilvie. I guess you've your troubles this year."

Poor Jeremiah was aged and worn. I was sorry for him, and one didn't see very well how to help him. He did everything for us, just as usual, except that he was tired and slower in his movements. He lived alone. A woman from a neighboring farm came over daily and helped him to tidy up his ramshackle old dwelling. The neighbors generally were sympathetic, and the unmarried ladies were specially so. Jeremiah was undoubtedly the catch of the neighborhood, in a district where wealth was small and eligible bachelors were rare. Jeremiah had been a widower five months.

John had gone to Boston for a fortnight, and I and the children were rather dull. The weather was indifferent, and we were kept indoors more than usual—and there was Isabella.

I had had one letter from Emma since she went to England, telling me of her arrival and her mother's failing health, and how she had got work in the village where they lived and was able to live at home and attend to the invalid; and Emma's letter was full of inquiries about us all, worded very nicely in her respectful English way, and she wanted to know about poor Mr. Hanscom and all our local news from the Lake when we got there.

So I wrote Emma our news one wet day, and the girls sent her their little letters. I told her of my trouble with her various successors and with Isabella, the reigning terror. The children wrote that Isabella was no use at hide-and-seek or "tag," and hoped that Emma's hair had begun to grow now she was using English hair-restorer—for it had been a joke between them to compare their abundant locks, which Emma combed for them, with her scanty wisp, and she used to say

she meant to grow it again when she could get a bottle of Mrs. Humphrey's invaluable mixture from England.

Later on I heard again from Emma. Her mother had died, and Emma had left her native village and drifted to London. Somehow she had been unlucky in the employment she had taken, and after being in one or two private households she had taken service in a hotel in London and was uncomfortable, badly paid, and overworked.

I was sorry for Emma, and wrote a line or two to tell her so. I would have taken her back willingly, but it seemed a long and costly journey for her to undertake, and we were uncertain whether we should be in our own rooms as usual or whether we might be travelling during the winter and have no use for a maid.

So Jeremiah took our letters to the mail as usual, and no doubt noted the names of our various correspondents.

Anyhow, he came as usual one day with our eggs and milk and salad, and duly delivered them at the side door. Then he left his horse standing and came round to the front of the piazza and stood there. I was sitting writing, and waited to see what he would say. He said nothing, but presently sat down on the bottom step but one and spat at the scraper. Then it seemed to occur to him that this was an abuse of hospitality, for he took out a particularly large and highly colored handkerchief and wiped the scraper. I went on writing, and it was just two minutes later by the watch on the table when Jeremiah observed—

"Mis' Ogilvie, if you was writing to Miss Emma Smith again p'raps you'd be so kind as to send her a message from me."

Jeremiah's simplicity amused me, and I said I would if he wanted it.

"Waal, you might say I was mighty lonesome up thar at the farm, 'Lone Tree Farm,' and now it's lone *man*

farm I guess. Waal, and you might say if Emma Smith 'ud be agreeable to ut, and ef she kin leave her home again, I 'ud pay her passage back to N'Yauk or Borston and right here to the Lake. And she cud be around for six months and decide ef she cud do ut, and ef she could we 'ud get married by the minister in the fall and she cud be Mis' Hanscom. She wor mighty kind to my Sarah, and Sarah said she wor a lovely kind of woman. Yes'm, she can be Mis' Hanscom."

And Jeremiah got up and stood before me with his hand out. And I grasped it and wrung it. Jeremiah was grinning vigorously, but a big tear was nevertheless trickling slowly down his nose, and I felt as if I wanted to hug him.

"Why, Jerry!" I said. "You really mean me to write that?"

"Sure!" said Jerry in a firm voice; and he wrung my hand and went away.

Now I never before had had to make a proposal of marriage for any one, and I suppose if I had had a grain of wisdom I should have firmly and utterly declined to do anything of the kind now, and have given Jeremiah Emma's address—if he had not already made a note of it—and advised him to write an autograph letter to the lady of his affections.

But somehow or other wisdom had flown out of that piazza, and a great sympathy for poor lonely old Jeremiah and overworked middle-aged Emma had taken possession of me, and I behaved like a perfect idiot, and sat down without taking ten minutes to reflect, and wrote it all to Emma. I am sure I tried to be very judicious and even judicial. I pointed out all the risks and drawbacks that might be encountered in such a union. I even went on to say that I felt sure Emma, at her age, would do nothing indiscreet or hasty, and would do well to reflect and even delay any decision she might feel

inclined to make for, say, a year, and until she had consulted with those best qualified to give advice on such a matter—some discreet professional or business man, for example, in the village where she had lived. I refrained from telling her any of the details of Jeremiah's fortune and estate which Mrs. Hanscom had so frankly revealed to me, and I mentioned Jeremiah's age and his evidently weakened health, and the severity of the climate on the Lake, and everything else I could think of that would suggest delay and caution.

But I did write; and, worse still, I sent my letter to the mail. And then I sat down to reflection, and something very like repentance. And then I remembered John.

So I had to convince myself by every means at my command that I had not been indiscreet; for I felt sure I should want to convince John when he came. And worst of all, he wrote and said he couldn't come for another fortnight and possibly more.

I simply couldn't write and tell him what I had done. It weighed upon me. I kept on forgetting what the arguments were that completely justified the course I had taken, and indeed left me no other alternative. I woke in the night racking my brains to remember what they were. I almost determined to write them down in the morning in case I forgot them again. But still I felt that I really had had no other alternative. That tear running down Jeremiah's nose was what carried me away,—and I had promised. I couldn't, of course, have gone back on my promise.

Days passed: at last John was due to return, and Jeremiah drove off to meet him at the "deepo."

The weather was desperately hot, delicious by the Lake, hateful to think of on the railway. I waited at home for John, and had cool things in the ice-box ready for him, and cool raiment

for him to change into. Wheels sounded in the road, and, calling to Isabella to prepare, I went out to the door.

There was the carry-all—in the back seat was John, and in the front, beside Jeremiah, was—Emma!

I shall never forget it. John's face—Emma's face—Jeremiah's face,—I could only look from one to the other, receive on the tablets of my memory the indelible print of their varied expressions—and totter into the parlor.

"In the name of wonder, what does it mean?" asked John.

"Oh, John, *don't!* If you want to drive me to mania, ask me questions now."

At the moment Emma entered. Tact was written all over her "homely" face.

"Yes, ma'am, I had your letter, and I felt sure you wanted help, and, as I was free to come, I came at once. And if Isabella is still here, ma'am, I'm sure I can show her how to do the work till she leaves."

Emma had struck the key-note and saved the situation. She had told John at the station, where they had met in the doorway, and where Emma had respectfully greeted him (John never would have seen her otherwise: he never sees anybody), that she had heard from me how difficult it was to get a maid, and she had therefore come at once to my help and the dear little girls'.

She was already upstairs, had taken off her bonnet, and was at work in John's dressing-room unpacking his portmanteau, just exactly as if she had never been away.

I forgot all those arguments I had so carefully arranged, and just held John's arm and told him what an idiot I had been, and what awful complications I now foresaw. Jeremiah would change his mind, and Emma—wretched, misguided Emma—would be

on our hands for ever and ever. Then John reduced me to common-sense again in half a minute in the way he does. He laughed at me, and that always irritates me into some sort of calm.

And we remembered Emma's expression of preternatural propriety and unconcern, and then Jeremiah's expression of perfect and primeval innocence, and a *savoir-faire* that would have done credit to an ambassador, and we sat down and shook with laughter.

Well, Emma held that note that she had struck till the very end of the act—never for a moment let it waver. Nothing would shake her perfect outward gravity and decorum.

John and I had reckoned up the dates with the aid of the calendar. We proved conclusively that Emma had received my letter not earlier than the 13th June, and had started from London not later than the 14th. Whether she had ever read to the end of my epistle after she had grasped the point of it—until, indeed, she was on board ship westward bound—we have always doubted. She resolutely ignored the question about the payment of her passage-money. She had "arranged that," she said, and there was no more to be said about it. She was dignity itself—and oh! such funny dignity—whenever Jeremiah was "around." And Jeremiah was always "around." She had long and pleasing conversations with "Mr. Hanscom" on every domestic topic connected with our housekeeping. She even drove in the buggy with him on a Sunday, but only after full consultation with me on the propriety of such a step.

But just once Emma did open her mind to me. The very first evening there was an opportunity of talking to me uninterrupted, Emma came to my room and closed the door. She was trembling a good deal, and her face was very colorless, and her poor work-worn

hands were wrestling with one another: but she was smiling.

"If you please, ma'am; about that Isabella. Will you let her go? She wants to go, and she is no use to you, and I'll gladly take the place, ma'am, till you go away from here. And oh, ma'am, will you forgive me for coming? But I couldn't stay away, though you never asked me to come to you—and may the Lord forgive me for telling Mr. Ogilvie you had. But you see, ma'am I never had a chance in all my life before. For forty years I've been just ugly old Emma Smith, struggling to keep mother out of the workhouse; and when she died, and I got to that hotel in London, I knew I was going to the workhouse myself. I was falling, and hadn't the strength to go on. They had told me to leave because I couldn't stand the stairs and the long hours. I hadn't a friend in the world but you—and Mr. Hanscom,—and I felt just done. And then the letter came. Well, ma'am, you don't know what it meant to me. If any one but you had sent it, I wouldn't have believed it: but I knew you wouldn't be making fun of me. I had just six pounds in the world, and when that was spent there was the workhouse. Oh, ma'am, you don't think Mr. Hanscom will change his mind now, do you? I know he is a good man, and I know I could make him comfortable, but then I am awful ugly and old, and I keep thinking, now he sees me, he will change his mind and take Miss Croker from the village,—I know she'd have him in a minute."

A world of woe and apprehension was in Emma's tones.

When I got downstairs there was Jeremiah at the door with a buggy that I hadn't seen before, and he desired my opinion on it. He thought it would be useful to us for our drives, and he said he guessed it would be as well to have a new one before next year.

But I could see Jerry had not come to talk about carriages. He wanted to know about Emma. And he signified that Miss Croker was pressing him rather hard, and that he wanted it fixed up right away with Emma, right now, before there was any trouble. He thought Emma seemed undecided and hanging back (I couldn't repress a smile at this point), and if I didn't object he would go back to the house there and then—we had moved decorously away from the door so as to be out of hearing—and tell Emma to be ready the following Saturday; or she could leave it, and just say she didn't want to be fixed up with an old crank of a hoss trader like Jeremiah Hanscom—he wouldn't blame her,—but he would regret the circumstance, for he knew she was a lovely woman, for Sarah had said so.

What could I do? Of course I let them arrange it all, and, not the following Saturday but a month later, we had the queerest wedding in our parlor that the Lakeside had ever seen. We managed it all ourselves—the wedding-feast, the bride's costume (of sober gray), with an elegant bonnet with a waving feather. The children made her a bouquet, and decorated the dining-room. Jeremiah's raiment was a joy to behold,—his "pants" of yellow kersey, his striped waistcoat, his necktie with fringes, specially selected in

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Boston by a friend in the cattle trade, his new hat from Dover from a celebrated hat factory there; and then the departure of the bride and bridegroom. I think that was the moment of Emma's life. The comparatively new buggy came to the door in charge of a diminutive boy hired for the occasion. Jeremiah took his seat on the "cushion," and Emma—after all farewells had been said—stepped up beside him. Anything like her triumph I have never seen. And to crown all, at that very moment who should drive down the road on the other side of the laurel hedge but old Croker from the post-office and the blighted Miss Croker!

Well, Emma drove away to her new home. When John came back—he was away that week, and I and the children had had the wedding to ourselves—I took him out one evening for a walk, in the hope we should meet Emma and Jeremiah passing down the road, as they often did in their evening drive. There they came, Jeremiah handling another new horse with his usual skill, Emma the personification of calm dignity, of superiority to the rest of the village, and of utter content. I couldn't help saying to John—

"Now, look at them and admit I was right after all when I sent that letter."

And John touched me on the shoulder and said—

"Yes, but don't do it again."

*C. H. B.*

## CRETE AND HER PROTECTORS.

"Which do you pity the most of us three," the Greeks, the Cretans or the Protecting Powers? Sir Edward Grey might have put this question to his critics parodying Browning. Indeed, the four Powers concerned have got themselves into much the same mess that the poet did by interfering between his friend and the friend's lady love.

They bid fair to earn the hatred of both parties, to say nothing of the Young Turks. British diplomacy in this matter, as in other branches of foreign policy, cuts but a sorry figure at the present time. It would not be fair to blame the Foreign Secretary as being alone responsible: he inherited the Cretan difficulty from his predeces-



sor, but he has undoubtedly made matters much worse, till we find Europe confronted with the menace of war and ourselves losing the respect of Cretans, Greeks and Turks alike.

So far as it went, the sketch of events leading up to the existing muddle, as given by the Foreign Secretary, was correct enough, but it requires a good deal of amplification to make the position clear. Ever since 1897 the four Protecting Powers have been, to quote Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, "leading up to and including the larger policy," though the unfortunate Cretans find themselves balked of their desires just at the moment when they deemed them most certain of fulfilment. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if they have taken matters into their own hands and cause embarrassment to their friends at this juncture. Nor is it to be wondered at that Germany and Austria, who ostentatiously eliminated themselves from any part in the problem thirteen years ago, should be trying to profit by our difficulties. Our own attitude over Bosnia justifies the press campaign, but the past attitude of those two Powers towards Turkey hardly warrants their expecting to convince her that Codlin and not Short is the true friend, Codlin having deprived her of two provinces less than two years ago.

The clumsy inventions of the Austro-German press can be left to answer themselves, but our own justification is less easy. If we review our conduct towards Greeks, Turks and Cretans the present humiliating muddle is the only natural result.

So long ago as 1897, by the mouth of the Italian Admiral Caneyaro, who for the moment was the spokesman of the four Powers, we promised the Cretans that if they accepted autonomy, union with Greece would follow in a short time. The whole of our subsequent

policy has been on the same lines. In 1898 we allowed Prince George of Greece to be appointed Supreme Commissioner, and the Powers encouraged the Cretan Assembly to draw up a Constitution which made Crete an autonomous State. The Prince had the power to coin money, appoint judges and officers in the army, and to do many other things only possible for the ruler of a self-governing State. At that time Bulgaria was nominally subject to Turkey. The links that bound them together were frail enough, but they were less flimsy than the only ties remaining between Turkey and Crete. The King of Greece had appointed the Cretan Governor, while the choice of a Bulgarian ruler was nominally subject to the Sultan's approval. Bulgaria, too, was nominally tributary to Turkey. In Crete nothing but the suzerainty remained to show that the island had ever been subject to the Sultan. Bulgaria, too, so far as trade was concerned, remained practically a part of the Turkish Empire; there were no duties, either on Turkish or Bulgarian goods, at the respective Custom Houses. Crete made herself perfectly independent in this directly the Constitution was drawn up. The four Powers distinctly supported Crete in this action as against the not unnatural remonstrances of the Porte, thus virtually affirming her entire independence. The Powers later went further towards autonomy, for they agreed to modifications of the Capitulations and of consular rights in Crete.

Four years ago the Cretans received most significant encouragement towards their aim for union with Greece. A Note was issued by the four Powers authorizing the employment of Greek officers in the Cretan army and gendarmerie. These officers do not lose their seniority in the Greek army; they are only struck out of the Active List. In their joint Note the Powers used these

significant words: "Every step forward towards the realization of national aspirations is subordinated to the establishment and maintenance of order and of a stable régime." They later showed that they believed that this was achieved by withdrawing their forces.

Then the Powers expressly gave to the King of Greece the power of nominating the High Commissioner; this they did, as they expressly stated, "in order to display their desire to consider as far as possible the aspirations of the Cretan people and to give practical recognition to the interest which his Majesty the King of the Hellenes ought always to take in the prosperity of Crete." It is clear to everyone that to do this was to invest the King of Greece with the power of a suzerain. The island was by this time completely controlled by Greek officials, and the army and the police were commanded by Greek officers. Only financial and political union were now wanting to make Crete a part of the Greek kingdom. The four Powers discouraged the Cretans from taking the final step on the ground that directly they did Bulgaria would declare her independence. It is not surprising, therefore, that directly Bulgaria did declare her independence in October 1908, and the final and complete incorporation of Eastern Roumelia with the Bulgarian Crown was effected, the Cretan Assembly should decree the union of the island with Greece.

Even to this the four Powers offered no insuperable objection. They did not say *We Cannot*; all they advised the Greeks and Cretans to do was to let the matter stand over for discussion between the four Powers and the Porte and for settlement by the European Conference.

Had the Greek Premier of the day been more enterprising and accepted the Cretan proclamation, there can be no doubt that the union might then

have been accomplished. Turkey would have acquiesced, and nobody would have been a penny the worse; on the contrary, we should all have been much better off. The Powers would have been relieved of an embarrassing problem; the Turks would have but shrugged their shoulders and accepted the situation; and the Cretans would have had at least the chance of developing their own resources, which they have not at present, to say nothing of obtaining their desires. Unfortunately, Greece chose to be swayed by our advice, and our whole object then was to read a lesson to Austria and bring about the precious Conference, which was to exalt our own righteousness and give everyone what they wanted in legitimate fashion. As everyone who had any foresight predicted, the Conference never came off, and the Greeks and Cretans alike found themselves plantés là, a ridiculous end of all their hopes, for which they have in the first place to thank Sir Edward Grey. It is not surprising that in revenge they have taken the oath to the King of Greece and excluded Mohammedans from their Assembly—both of them unfortunate proceedings which we must forcibly reverse.

Meanwhile the Turks are clamoring for the restoration of the status quo, which means for them the restoration of things to the position they were in before 1906 when the closer association with Greece began. But the Powers can hardly punish the Cretans for following their advice too scrupulously. The Turks can offer nothing which will not reduce in some respect the self-government already enjoyed by Crete, and this the Powers clearly cannot permit. We may have to step in again and take over the control of the island. No doubt the idea of the Young Turks is with Crete to make a beginning of the policy of regaining lost possessions. The Turkish Army has greatly im-

proved of late, and the governing idea of all Turks is to spend what money they have on armaments and then to fight someone. "Can you," said Mr. Rees on Wednesday night, "truthfully call the Turkish government anything but a military despotism?" The Government, apparently, does, but not truthfully.

Still, for the sake of the civilized world, we cannot allow a war to break out about this trivial matter, and we cannot allow the unfortunate Cretans to wreak their disappointment on the

*The Saturday Review.*

Mohammedans. It will very likely end in our having to garrison the island again. In any case the four Powers cut a poor figure enough, entirely through their own fault. Germany and Austria may well laugh, though they will hardly persuade Turkey that they are her true friends with the record of the last two years behind them. The best the four Powers can do now is to hang together—division would only put the climax to this sorry farce.

## EVOLUTION.

Coming out of the theatre, we found it utterly impossible to get a taxi-cab; and, though it was raining slightly, walked through Leicester Square, in the hope of picking one up as it returned down Piccadilly. Numbers of hansoms and four-wheelers passed, or stood by the curb, hailing us feebly, or not even attempting to attract our attention, but every taxi seemed to have its load. At Piccadilly Circus, losing patience, we beckoned to a four-wheeler, and resigned ourselves to a long, slow journey. A sou'-westerly air blew through the open windows, and there was in it the scent of change, that wet scent which visits even the hearts of towns, and inspires the watcher of their myriad activities with thought of the restless Force that for ever cries: "On, on!" But gradually the steady patter of the horse's hoofs, the rattling of the windows, the slow thudding of the wheels, pressed on us so drowsily that when, at last, we reached home, we were more than half asleep. The fare was two shillings, and, standing in the lamplight, to make sure the coin was a half-crown before handing it to the driver, we happened to look up. This cabman appeared to be a man of

about sixty, with a long, thin face, whose chin and drooping gray moustaches seemed in permanent repose on the up-turned collar of his old blue overcoat. But the remarkable features of his face were the two furrows down his cheeks, so deep and hollow that it seemed as though that face were a collection of bones without coherent flesh, among which the eyes were sunk back so far that they had lost their lustre. He sat quite motionless, gazing at the tail of his horse. And, almost unconsciously, one added the rest of one's silver to that half-crown. He took the coins without speaking; but, as we were turning into the garden gate, we heard him say:

"Thank you; you've saved my life."

Not knowing what to reply to such a curious speech, we closed the gate again, and came back to the cab.

"Are things so very bad?"

"They are," replied the cabman. "It's done with—is this job. We're not wanted now." And, taking up his whip, he prepared to drive away.

"How long have they been as bad as this?"

The cabman dropped his hand again,

as though glad to rest it, and answered incoherently:

"Thirty-five years I've been drivin' a cab."

And, sunk again in contemplation of his horse's tail, he could only be roused by many questions to express himself, having, as it seemed, no knowledge of the habit.

"I don't blame the taxis, I don't blame nobody. It's come on us, that's what it has. I left the wife this mornin' with nothing in the house. She was saying to me only yesterday: 'What have you brought home the last four months?' 'Put it at six shillings a week,' I said. 'No,' she said, 'seven.' Well, that's right—she enters it all down in her book."

"You are really going short of food?"

The cabman smiled; and that smile between those two deep hollows was surely as strange as ever shone on a human face.

"You may say that," he said. "Well, what does it amount to? Before I picked you up, I had one eighteenpenny fare to-day; and yesterday I took five shillings. And I've got seven bob a day to pay for the cab, and that's low, too. There's many and many a proprietor that's broke and gone—every bit as bad as us. They let us down as easy as ever they can; you can't get blood from a stone, can you?" Once again he smiled. "I'm sorry for them too, and I'm sorry for the horses, though they come out best of the three of us, I do believe."

One of us muttered something about the public.

The cabman turned his face, and stared down through the darkness.

"The public?" he said, and his voice had in it a faint surprise. "Well, they all want the taxis. It's natural. They get about faster in them, and time's money. I was seven hours before I picked you up. And then you was lookin' for a taxi. Them as take us

because they can't get better, they're not in a good temper, as a rule. And there's a few old ladies that's frightened of the motors, but old ladies aren't never very free with their money—can't afford to be, the most of them, I expect."

"Everybody's sorry for you; one would have thought that——"

He interrupted quietly: "Sorrow don't buy bread. I never had anybody ask me about things before." And, slowly moving his long face from side to side, he added: "Besides, what could they do? They can't be expected to support you; and, if they started askin' you questions, they'd feel it very awkward. They know that, I suspect. Of course, there's such a lot of us; the hansoms are pretty nigh as bad off as we are. Well, we're gettin' fewer every day, that's one thing."

Not knowing whether or no to manifest sympathy with this extinction, we approached the horse. It was a horse that "stood over" a good deal at the knee, and in the darkness seemed to have innumerable ribs. And suddenly one of us said: "Many people want to see nothing but taxis on the streets, if only for the sake of the horses."

The cabman nodded.

"This old fellow," he said, "never carried a deal of flesh. His grub don't put spirit into him nowadays; it's not up to much in quality, but he gets enough of it."

"And you don't?"

The cabman again took up his whip.

"I don't suppose," he said, without emotion, "anyone could ever find another job for me now. I've been at this too long. It'll be the workhouse, if it's not the other thing."

And hearing us mutter that it seemed cruel, he smiled for the third time.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's a bit 'ard on us, because we've done nothing to deserve it. But things are like that, so far as I can see. One thing comes

pushin' out another, and so you go on. I've thought about it—you get to thinkin' and worryin' about the rights o' things, sittin' up here all day. No, I don't see anything for it. It'll soon be the end of us now—can't last much longer. And I don't know that I'll be sorry to have done with it. It's pretty well broke my spirit."

"There was a fund got up."

"Yes, it helped a few of us to learn the motor-drivin'; but what's the good of that to me, at my time of life? Sixty, that's my age; I'm not the only one: there's hundreds like me. We're not fit for it, that's the fact; we haven't got the nerve now. It'd want a mint of money to help us. And what you say's the truth—people want to see the end of us. They want the taxis—our day's over. I'm not complainin'; you asked me about it yourself."

And for the third time he raised his whip.

"Tell me what you would have done if you had been given your fare and just sixpence over."

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The cabman stared downward, as though puzzled by that question.

"Done? Why, nothing. What could I have done?"

"But you said that it had saved your life."

"Yes, I said that," he answered slowly; "I was feelin' a bit low. You can't help it sometimes; it's the thing comin' on you, and no way out of it—that's what gets over you. We try not to think about it, as a rule!"

And this time, with a "Thank you, kindly!" he touched his horse's flank with the whip. Like a thing aroused from sleep, the forgotten creature started, and began to draw the cabman away from us. Very slowly they travelled down the road, among the shadows of the trees broken by lamplight. Above us, white ships of cloud were sailing rapidly across the dark river of sky on the wind which smelled of change. And, after the cab was lost to sight, that wind still brought to us the dying sound of the slow wheels.

John Galsworthy.

## GLADSTONE'S LETTERS ON RELIGION.\*

Lord Morley in the introductory chapter of his great biography explained his reason, a candid and adequate one, for omitting from his pages a detailed history of Mr. Gladstone as "theologian and Churchman." It is probably true that Lord Morley's picture of his hero is as true and sympathetic on the religious as on the political side, for it was characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, with all his intellectual subtlety, to keep always open the channel between religious motive and political action; and it was impossible for those who had intimate dealings with him not to recognize that, in Lord Salis-

bury's phrase, he was "a great Christian." Still, the detailed history which Lord Morley from the outside could not write, deserved to be written; and no one could have been found better fitted to undertake it, both as an ardent sympathizer with the party view, and a well-informed student of the history of Church politics, than the sometime editor of the *Guardian* and the *Pilot*. And Mr. Lathbury brings to his task other qualifications. The correspondence of a lifetime on points of theological controversy, than which nothing so quickly loses its savor, might have been expected to make a valuable, but a far from readable, book. Satisfactorily indexed it might have been promoted to an honored place on the upper shelves

\*"Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone." Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. In two volumes. (Murray. 24s. net.)



of the ecclesiastical historian. But Mr. Lathbury is a past master in the mystery of editing. He has arranged his matter, not chronologically, but in sections according to subject, thus bringing together the later and earlier pronouncements on the same theme, and giving the reader the satisfaction of tracing either the development or the consistency of ideas. And he has prefixed to each group of letters a general sketch of the chief matters with which they deal, setting them in an interesting perspective with similar questions of to-day, and by an adroit reference here and there imparting to his historical survey the piquancy of a party pamphlet.

From the point of view of modern interest, as well as of fundamental importance, Mr. Lathbury has done well to open his book with the letters bearing on the general relations of Church and State. This was the topic of Mr. Gladstone's first book, and, it may be truly said, of his last thoughts. Starting from the idea that the State has a conscience capable of distinguishing between truth and error in religion, he argued that it must be the duty of the State to support the true Church. It was a time when such a theory of Church establishment seemed not impossible of justification, for Protestant individualism was breaking down, and there was a good hope that the revived idea of the Church as a great society for the welfare of mankind, which was the first-fruits of the Oxford Movement, might permeate in all directions and leaven the lump of what it was the fashion to speak of as "our venerable Establishment," besides attracting the well-disposed elements outside. But, oddly enough, Mr. Gladstone's first disillusionment came from the specifically Church party in a Parliament of Churchmen. They seemed to him to care little for the Church as a witness to truth, and were mainly set on pre-

serving its least defensible privileges as long as they could. As he said of them later, "The majority are always willing to pay to-day what would have been accepted yesterday, but never to pay what will be accepted to-day." But alongside of the passion for "truth" another passion was growing in Mr. Gladstone's mind, the love of "liberty as an essential condition of excellence in human things"; and liberty in the State must imply the recognition of "the principle of the popular will." We find that as early as 1844, when discussing the question of an enlarged grant to Maynooth, he could conceive the possibility of establishing the Roman Catholic priesthood as the national clergy for Ireland, although he thought the balance of "truth" lay with the anti-Roman Church; and consistently thenceforward, having abandoned his earlier position, he was ready to disestablish any national Church at a popular demand. In regard to the Church of England he hoped, though he hardly expected, to maintain the State alliance, while safeguarding the "truth" for which the Church stood, by vindicating for it a "constitutional liberty" to manage its own affairs. It is not too much to say that he regarded the main purpose of his ecclesiastical policy as the endeavor to perform this task as smoothly as possible by surrendering indefensible privileges and conciliating opposition. And he thought this one of the main duties of the Episcopate. He puts this view with a refreshing directness to Bishop Wilberforce in a letter, dated October 2, 1862, the occasion of which Mr. Lathbury does not tell us, but in which he imagines Lord Palmerston saying in regard to the Bishop:—"I will not dwell on the question which of the changes asked for he has opposed, but I will desire you to tell me of which of these problems he has, as a leader of the clergy, publicly, and at his own risk, promoted the solution."

Mr. Gladstone's theory of episcopal duty is not universally recognized even to-day, so that a paragraph from this very remarkable letter may be welcomed:—

Part of the special work of this age ought to be to clear the relations between Church and State. It is needless for me to point out to you—it would rather be for you to point out to me—the multitude of questions, each of which presents a separate knot as yet untied, and in respect to each of which it is much to be desired that some progress should be made towards removing difficulties the nature of which is, not to remain as they are, but, until they are removed, to accumulate continually.

But just to illustrate my meaning: there is the Church Rate; there is National Education; there is the Law of Marriage and Divorce; there is Clergy Relief (however dubiously so called); there is the Court of Appeal; there are Oaths and Declarations of Roman Catholics and Dissenters; there was, and in some sense still is, the admission of Jews and others to the Legislature; there is Clergy Discipline—and a long list might, perhaps, be added.

I think the State has a right to expect from the Church that its Episcopal Rulers—at least, that the leading and governing spirits among them—shall contribute liberally, and even sometimes boldly, to the solution of these questions. The only manner in which they can be solved is by the approximation of leaders, at the hazard (upon occasion) of their reputation with their followers. . . .

If you ask me to point out a case in which you simply resisted and assailed, where we might have hoped for at least a more qualified course, I will point for the sake of example to the measures of the present year respecting National Education.

Mr. Lathbury regards Mr. Gladstone's view of the relations of the Church to the State as the last word upon the subject; and so in the abstract

it is and must be. Both liberty and truth have to be safeguarded. Put the Church's alliance with the State at the highest possible value, both on account of its historical interest and its present influence, and there must still remain the obligations not to endanger faith and to respect the popular conscience. But Mr. Lathbury will forgive us for saying that the points which he, following Mr. Gladstone, indicates as beyond the scope of conciliation, and therefore not unlikely, sooner or later, to provoke a conflict between the Church and the State, or the Church and Nonconformists, are generally points upon which the Church itself speaks with an uncertain voice. Both Mr. Gladstone and his editor regard the modern High Church Party as the mouthpiece of the Church, and consequently their list of *credenda* to be jealously maintained embraces many more articles than the Creed. Take, for example, the two principles which, at the present moment, have the most dynamite in them—the indissolubility of the marriage bond and the apostolical succession in the Episcopate as the source of a valid ministry. The first seems likely to precipitate the demand for dis-establishment from within the Church, and the second effectually prevents that healing of ancient sores which would at once put an end to the demand for disestablishment from the orthodox Dissenters. But how far can the claims of either of these principles to be "true" be sustained? We need a board of theologians to which such questions could be submitted. Modern Bishops, with few exceptions, have neither the time nor the learning to give to them.

There is one point connected with Mr. Gladstone's theory which requires a special word of comment. Having discarded his original idea that the Church was the soul of the State, and devoted all his energies to "enabling the

Church to develop her own intrinsic means" in some independent fashion, so as to be ready for disestablishment, he would seem to have accepted the view that the State was, or was on the way to become, purely secular. In 1846 he writes to Manning, then Archdeacon of Chichester, "The process which I am now actively engaged in carrying on is a process of lowering the religious tone of the State, letting it down, demoralizing it—i.e., stripping it of its ethical character, and assisting its transition into one which is mechanical." He speaks of this change in another passage of the same date as "a progress from the catholic to the infidel idea of the State"; and it will not be forgotten that as part of this process he voted not only for the full enfranchisement of the Jews, but for the admission to the House of Commons of Mr. Bradlaugh. People of logical minds are sometimes at the mercy of a *sortes*, and pass easily from calling the State "catholic" to calling it "infidel"; but meanwhile the people of England, heedless of sophisms, persist in calling their State Christian; and have been known to refuse the infidel courses which Catholic Churchmen have endeavored to force upon them. No better instance can be given than the persistent refusal of the main body of Englishmen to assent to the "logical" proposal in regard to elementary education that the State shall pay for nothing but secular teaching and leave religious teaching to be provided by the voluntary efforts of the several denominations. Mr. Lathbury tells us that had Mr. Gladstone been able to bring the Cabinet to his own point of view in 1870 he would probably have carried out the complete separation of religious and secular instruction—"a simple way out of the difficulty." He wrote to Lord Ripon (November 4, 1869):—"Why not adopt frankly the principle that the State or the local community should provide the

secular teaching, and either leave the option to the ratepayers to go beyond this *sine qua non*, if they think fit, within the limits of the Conscience Clause, or else simply leave the parties themselves to find Bible and other religious education from voluntary sources?" Mr. Lathbury adds that in taking this course Mr. Gladstone "would have been supported by Dale and his friends, then the most influential section of Nonconformists. [He might have gone further and said that it was Dale and his friends, who had been among the chief instruments in returning Mr. Gladstone to power, from whom the plan came.] But this solution encountered, and gave way to, the rooted hostility of Forster." It is worth remembering, when we are tempted to push Catholic premisses to logical conclusions, that it was not to Mr. Gladstone, the Churchman, but to Mr. Forster, the Nonconformist, that we owe the opportunity that still remains to us of providing a religious education under the superintending control of the State, to which every child, whether of Churchman or of Dissenter, shall have access.

Two of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Lathbury's book contain a sketch of Mr. Gladstone's relations with the Oxford Movement and its leaders. Bred, like Newman, in the straitest sect of the Evangelicals, it was only in 1840, when he was 31, that he passed under the influence of the Tractarian ideas, through his friendship with Mr. James Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott). Mr. Lathbury will not allow that he ever became distinctly Tractarian, but he certainly adopted their leading principles, and on occasions of crisis acted with the party. Perhaps the defect in Mr. Gladstone's symbol of Tractarian faith was Hurrell Froude's clause "Credo in Newmannum." It was only a year after the new leaven had begun to work, when Tract 90 appeared, and a letter to Lord Lyttelton gives Mr. Glad-

stone's opinion of that famous *tour de force*:—

This No. 90 of Tracts for the Times, which I read by desire of Sir R. Inglis, is like a repetition of the publication of Froude's Remains, and Newman has again burned his fingers. The most serious feature in the tract to my mind is that, doubtless with very honest intentions, and with his mind turned for the moment entirely towards those inclined to defection, and therefore occupying *their* point of view exclusively, he has in writing it placed himself quite outside the Church of England in point of spirit and sympathy. As far as regards the proposition for which he intended mainly to argue, I believe not only that he is right, but that it is an A B C truth, almost a truism, of the history of the reign of Elizabeth—namely, that the authoritative documents of the Church of England were not meant to bind all men to every opinion of their authors, and particularly that they intended to deal as gently with pre-possessions thought to look towards Rome as the necessity of securing a certain amount of reformation would allow.

Mr. Lathbury is surprised that "so great a master of words as Mr. Gladstone, accustomed to use them with a careful regard to their exact signification," should have been offended with the tract, which aimed simply at showing that "the Articles were intended to mean what they say—that and no more"; and gave "a strict and historical, as opposed to a loose and popular," reading of them. But Mr. Lathbury surely forgets that this is not the character which Newman himself gives to his tract. In his letter to Dr. Jelf he expressed the peculiarity of his view of the Articles in the proposition, "that whereas it is usual at this day to make the *particular belief of their writers* their true interpretation, I would make the *belief of the Catholic Church* such." Newman here expressly rejects a "strict and historical" reading. It is interesting to find that, although Mr. Gladstone's

instinct of fidelity to his own Communion rebelled against Newman's sophistical interpretations, yet, four years later, when "after the publication of the tract had been suspended and the author had submitted himself to his Bishop," it was proposed to condemn it formally in Convocation, he came to its defence in a letter to the Provost of Oriel which must have had the same sort of effect on his mind as the tract itself had on Mr. Gladstone's; though the one proceeding was entirely justified, as a lawyer is justified in splitting the finest hair in defence of a client, while we agree with Mr. Gladstone against Mr. Lathbury that Newman's tract, though prompted by the best motives, cannot be justified. What the ultimate verdict of history will be upon Newman's character we cannot forecast; for some time to come he will have ardent defenders and as ardent critics; but as a possible indication of the direction which that verdict may take, one or two of the numerous judgments scattered through these letters of Mr. Gladstone are worth quoting. After the publication of Dean Church's "Life and Letters" he writes to Mrs. Church:—

He speaks so humbly of himself in conjunction with Cardinal Newman. Doubtless the genius of Newman has given him a throne which is all his own. But surely the Dean was much the weightier and the wiser man.

Six years later, when Newman himself passed away and critics were busy with censure and panegyric, he wrote his general impression to Lord Acton and R. H. Hutton. From his letter to Hutton, which is much the fuller, a few sentences may be taken, bearing on the point in question:—

I think the matter on which I venture most distinctly to differ with you is with regard to the storm after Tract 90. I need not say I have a pretty distinct recollection of it. . . . Tract

90 opened a joint in Newman's armor; it showed that in his wonderful genius there was a distinct flaw—a strong sophistical element. . . . Will you think it the height of ignorant audacity (as you fairly may) if I say that, while Newman has done an incomparable and immeasurable work for the Church of England, he never was an instructed English Churchman? He never placed the English Church upon its historical ground. I doubt if he was even tolerably acquainted with the history of the sixteenth century in England. He was trained (as I was) in the Evangelical school, which is beyond all others . . . the school of private judgment. . . . The Romans, I take it, were aware of the want of bone and substance in his controversial theology. This at any rate is clear—they did not look on him, but on Palmer (whose book on the Church they have never answered) as their real antagonist.

It is impossible, even in a lengthy review, to touch upon more than a few of the many interesting subjects raised in these letters. The sections upon "The Controversy with Rome" and "The Controversy with Unbelief" must be wholly passed by. Mr. Gladstone had neither the time nor the learning to write anything upon these topics of permanent value to scholarship, and the *obiter dicta* scattered through his letters, which reveal the insight of the man of good judgment and wide experience, are generally of more value, as they are of more interest, than his formal arguments. For example, it

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is a sound remark that he makes upon the "large family of *isms*, huddled together under the name of scepticism," that "they have had a factitious advantage in this, that the work of clearing orthodoxy of its factitious encumbrances has seemed to be, perhaps has been, more or less their work." Or again, he notes that "there is a blinding power in theological rage, which often induces honest men to act like scoundrels." Of the criticisms on books the most interesting is that on "Ecce Homo," which Sir Frederic Rogers endeavored to persuade him was by Newman. His comment is as follows:—"I hold firmly to my opinion that the 'Ecce Homo' cannot be by Dr. Newman. I please myself with thinking that in this busy age, quick at sapping and dissolving, but commonly not masculine enough in thought to construct, the author of this volume may have been sent among us as a builder, and may perform a great work for truth and for mankind." And then follows a contrast between Butler and Newman, whom he nevertheless regarded as the greatest "theologer" since Butler, on this point of constructive ability. The letter also contains a sentence or two of panegyric on Newman's style. "It is a transporting style. I find myself constantly disposed to cry aloud and vent myself in that way as I read. It is like the very highest music, and seems sometimes in beauty to go beyond the human."

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### THE INDIVIDUALITY OF TREES.

"What we want is the meaning, the character, the expression of a tree, as a kind and as an individual," is the text, borrowed from Oliver Wendell Holmes, which Mr. Henry Irving takes for a very charming little book, "How

to Know the Trees," just published by Cassell and Co. (3s. 6d. net). Trees, he explains, "are living creatures; they are not cast in moulds like iron palings." They have each their own individuality; they are subject to influ-



ences which may be hereditary or circumstantial. There is a personal aspect to them; they are subject to variations; "no individual tree is true to type, at one and the same time, in every particular." And so in his introduction Mr. Irving expresses the hope that, besides enabling his readers to tell the different trees apart, his book may lead to "the attainment of a sympathetic regard for them, through grateful appreciation of their gentle companionship and generous service."

This personal sympathy with individual trees does not, perhaps, come to everybody, and certainly not every tree can arouse it to the same degree. Probably most people feel the personality of flowers much more markedly than that of trees, and feel it with some flowers much more than with others. The lily has always been a personality; so has the violet; but the flower with the strongest individuality is the rose. The rose is eternally feminine, if any flower is. There are roses which are full-blown and matronly, and drooping tea-roses which are pale and virginal, and roses of shaded colors and daintily arranged petals, like fashionably dressed young ladies, and there are roses which are fresh and sweet like children's faces. But the sense of personality is distinct in all of them. And so it is with many trees, if not with all. Mr. Irving, perhaps, would single out the lime as the most willing friend, the easiest to know. He finds it at its best as one of an arched avenue, roofing the long ride to some great country home, or shading the path to a little church. "There is about the linden tree," he writes, "a subtle element of sympathy that is quickly responsive to what is deepest and highest in our human feelings and interests." He finds a different individuality in the beech. The beech is by nature "extremely masterful, a monopolist bred and born, persistently, as it were, staking out its

claim, and holding its own against all comers." You get that sense of deliberate taking hold and determination not to be moved when you look at the roots of a beech-tree, and notice the way it puts them out like great prehensile claws, gripping the ground all round it. The very opposite to the masterfulness of the beech is the gentleness of the birch-tree. The birch has all the shyer graces. George Meredith draws the picture of it in "The Egoist," as it "now gives the glimpse and shine of the white stem's line within, now hurries over it, denying that it was visible, with a chatter along the sweeping folds, while still the white peeps through." It is Meredith, too, who writes of the purity of that other virginal tree, the wild cherry in blossom; "the vestal of the forest," he calls it. A bolder, grander tree is the walnut, with its great curved limbs; we may admire Mr. Irving's description of the shape of it,—"dividing into branches rather low down, it throws these outward and upward with a superb gesture." If the walnut is superb, the poplars are gay. No trees chatter so merrily with their leaves as the poplars; it is almost a laugh, even on hot, windless days when hardly another tree moves a leaf. The ash has something of that sense of light movement, but the ash, perhaps, is at its best in winter, without leaves; there is no tree in winter with more of the beauty of nakedness. The oak is the tree of summer; a tree which watches every process of the field and wood, and man getting his bread by his labor; a tree that knows sweat and sunburnt arms, and farmers' men with bread-and-cheese and beer at twelve o'clock. But of all English trees none, surely, has contrived to invest itself with a sense of watching personality more certainly than the yew-tree, and no one, filled with that deep sense of knowledge, of conscious witnessing and association,

has written more finely of the yew than Mr. William Watson in "The Father of the Forest," that noble poem with its sonorous opening:—

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,  
Girt with thy guard of dotard kings,—  
What ages hast thou seen retire  
Into the dusk of alien things?  
What mighty news hath stormed thy  
shade,  
Of armies perished, realms unmade?

It is this sense of waiting companionship which helps the eye to look at certain trees as if they gave light. A tree which has this power of lighting a landscape almost as sunshine can is the beech in autumn, when the red-gold, glistening leaves on its boughs take brightness from the air, and spread a carpet of light when they fall. The elm in summer has the same power; it seems to catch down the sun and keeps it in domes in its leaves, and when it begins to turn yellow it changes in patches, as if the sun sent shafts on it through the clouds. Another tree which can light a hill or a forest is the birch, whose slender stem has a certain property of diffusing its own whiteness through the darkness of the wood round it. The birch is a native, and knows her surroundings; but the tree which flashes on the landscape oddly is the plane. The plane is all very well for town growing; it has a habit of undressing itself all the year round, so that it is continually shedding parts of its sooty jacket and showing up clean and porous and breathing underneath. But the plane is a stranger from foreign parts; he is *platanus orientalis* or *occidentalis*, and he may have come from the Levant or Virginia; anyhow, the yellow splashes on his trunk do not suit easily with other English woodland trees.

Trees which have their own individual methods of reproduction are interesting. The way of the elm is one of the most remarkable, because the

elm actually makes hedges, or, rather, it fits in with our English methods of bordering our trees and roads with hedges, and in a very accommodating way helps us with material. The habit of the elm is to send out its roots in every direction, and then to push up suckers from its spreading roots. When an elm seeds itself or is planted in a hedgerow, and becomes established there, it sends out its roots and pushes up its suckers on all sides of it, but except on two sides the young suckers get killed; they are trodden down in the path, or cut up by the plough or gnawed down by grazing animals. But they flourish on each side of the elm in the direction in which the hedge runs, and they kill out the other trees in the hedge, till at last, possibly, the hedge is all elm. Then, if the hedge is not cut, or only partly cut, the strongest suckers grow up and become trees themselves, and carry on the process. Other trees, instead of being killed down by animals, get helped and planted. Squirrels, carrying off hazel-nuts and burying them for private consumption later, frequently forget where they have put them, and so plant countless hazels every year. Trees with berries, such as hollies, wild roses, elders, and yews, have their seeds swallowed and carried about in different directions by birds, and, from the trees' point of view, there must be good and bad seasons as regards the sowing or planting. Last winter, for instance, must have been a poor season for holly-planting. Birds do not really like holly-berries, and will not eat them when they can get other berries, or when the weather is warm and open, so that in a mild winter like the last comparatively few holly-berries can have been eaten and sown. But the tree which occasionally gets itself propagated in the most interesting way is the elder. Mr. W. H. Hudson in his book, "Afoot in England,"

has a delightful passage giving the life-story of some elders he noticed growing on a Wiltshire down. There was a small group of them set among some rabbit-burrows, and a local farmer told him how they came there. First, the rabbits, finding that the hill had softer chalk at that spot, had made burrows.

*The Spectator.*

Then some wheatears came and nested in and lived about the burrows. The wheatears fed on the berries of an elder growing higher up on the down, and so brought the seeds to the burrows, where they rooted in the soft ground and soon established a flourishing tucklet.

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### THE SAILOR-KING.

The fleet, the fleet puts out to sea  
In a thunder of blinding foam to-night,  
With a bursting wreck-strewn reef to lee,  
But—a seaman fired yon beacon-light!  
Seamen hailing a seaman, know—  
Free-men crowning a free-man, sing—  
The worth of that light where the great ships go,  
The signal-fire of the king.

Cloud and wind may shift and veer:  
This is steady and this is sure,  
A signal over our hope and fear,  
A pledge of the strength that shall endure—  
Having no part in our storm-tossed strife—  
A sign of union, which shall bring  
Knowledge to men of their close-knit life,  
The signal-fire of the king.

His friends are the old gray glorious waves  
The wide world round, the wide world round,  
That have roared with our guns and covered our graves  
From Nombre Dios to Plymouth Sound;  
And his crown shall shine, a central sun  
Round which the planet-nations sing,  
Going their ways, but linked in one,  
As the ships of our sailor-king.

Many the ships, but a single fleet;  
Many the roads, but a single goal;  
And a light, a light where all roads meet,  
The beacon-fire of an Empire's soul;  
The worth of that light his seamen know,  
Through all the deaths that the storm can bring,  
The crown of their comrade-ship a-glow,  
The signal-fire of the king.

*Alfred Noyes.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The spider, hawk, and tiger varieties of the American financier have been so many times described that Mr. George Randolph Chester does well in giving his "The Early Bird" a title unsuggestive of business, but the hero is the very cleverest of "promoters," capturing every worm with surprising celerity and in the end simultaneously winning the most charming of girls, and endowing himself with the most desirable of fathers-in-law. As in his earlier book "Bobby Burnit," Mr. Chester makes the world of business seem like reality, not like the huge, soulless machine pictured in most novels of finance, and the result is exceedingly agreeable. The social passages of the story are as good as those in which the hero is seen at work, and some of the little scenes are wonderfully clever. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "The Undesirable Governess," reprinted from the Pall Mall Magazine, abounds in humor of a quality which he seldom permitted himself to use after he began to write Italian stories, but which is both pungent and pleasant. A retired English army officer addicted to philandering with every moderately good looking woman brought into his household, and his similarly inclined sons, lead his wife to advertise for an ugly governess and the curse of a granted prayer is hers. The plot works itself out charmingly, even with the introduction of a balloon, hardly yet naturalized in the realm of fiction, and the reader remains always within hailing distance of a roar of laughter. The heroine, a girl with a rare sense of humor, her unassuming but clever lover, the odd family of her employer, especially its two hoyden daughters, make an uncommonly pleasing group of personages in which

quaintness and absurd weakness are the strongest notes not actually sweet. Although revealing less genius than its author's graver stories, *The Undesirable Governess* could have come from no hand not skilful both by nature and by practice. The Macmillan Company.

Still do the Malays of the Peninsula await their Kipling, although it seemed before the death of the lamented Rounsevelle Wildman as if he had come to them, and still they figure less often in fiction than their picturesque and strangely marked traits might justify. Even in Mr. Henry Milner Rideout's "The Twisted Foot," which displays a temptingly wicked Malay head on its cover, the interest centres on the white hero and the girl whose pictured face has fired him with the determination to look upon the original, and to convey to her a message from a dead man whose very name he does not know. Out of the millions of women upon the face of the earth he discovers the desired young person at last, and by incredible efforts, in an impossible situation, he performs his errand. The villain of the tale becomes its clown in the final scenes, and the mysterious young sultan is quite tamed and amiable, but Mr. Rideout, although always hesitating whether to write tragedy or comedy, amuses. Moreover, the hero's obstinate refusal to be beaten by the ocean, by an unknown race of savages or by a girl's shy elusiveness makes him a very creditable specimen of the Anglo-Saxon. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's "Types from City Streets" is a useful compilation for those desirous that nothing human shall remain strange to them, but his theory that low life abounds

in subjects for literature is somewhat perverse. The examples which attract him are those standing more or less above the general level and therefore not representing the average, and further, like every one who studies the poor and unfortunate, not to gratify his own snobbish self-righteousness, nor for the pleasure of a new sensation. Mr. Hapgood has learned to love them and cannot see their faults. He tolerates in them the traits which he naturally and by education detests and despises, and, viewed through the medium of his charity, they are as little like their real selves as the picture set before a juror by a murderer's counsel is like the murderer. Making due allowance for this characteristic, his book is valuable because it is full of knowledge simply and plainly expressed, and obtained by a great expenditure of time and diplomacy. Reading it coldly, without yielding to his kind-heartedness, one becomes wiser; reading it with charity one becomes better. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The thirteen essays grouped in Miss Elizabeth Bisland's "At the Sign of the Hobby-Horse" abound in the hard common sense and flashes of wholesome sentiment characteristic of the reaction against the sweet softness or soft sweetness of that brief period in which many Anglo-Saxons seemed uncertain as to the correlation of cause and effect, and were somewhat inclined to worship a deity named "The God-of-things - as - O - don't - we - wish - they - were." She lacks any pretence of patience with the enormous class of writers and talkers who for some years tried to persuade John Bull and Jonathan to follow those who taught that nothing in particular mattered, and that almost any immutable law might be "taken in a broad sense." In the last two papers, "Upon

Making the Most of Life" and "The Psychology of Pain," she reveals some of the things which she would substitute for their teaching, and although she is not likely to make converts she will delight those sympathizing with her sentiments. The important traits in the book are the modest independence, and the refreshing clean-mindedness which refuses to accept morbid indecency as morally improving to its readers, and a determination to detect and puncture all shams. Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is a good year for those who love fantasy in literature, for not only have two or three utterly unreasonable, but pleasantly deceiving novels arrived from England, but another is on its way from a German haunt in the United States, and here is Mr. Edward Thomas's "Rest and Unrest," a volume half genuine fantasy, half reality seeming fantasy to dreamy or childish minds. It is to be observed that the fantasy is not necessarily beautiful of aspect. It may be haunted by such creatures of terror as struggle up from the purlieus of mushroom villages gathered about factory chimneys, drifting air above, earth beside, and the flowing river below them. Through their visions may loom stiff, smug images of self-satisfaction, murdering happiness almost as surely as real sinfulness, but to these no more words are given than are required for clear definition. To the lovely scenes, or figures, or sounds no fulness of description seems superfluous, nor any measure of the sweet melancholy which is delight deeper than laughter. In Mr. Thomas's book there are nine of these papers, half sketch, half story, and in each one, touch by touch a character is bulidied, exactly as in his "Heart of England" a picture is painted. They are intensely Welsh, but without the careful affectation of not being English so visible



in all but the very best Irish Celtic work and they make a book to be read once at home and a score of times in the lonesome woods or the happy fields. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Gone to the trunkmakers" is no longer the epitaph of old books and in his "Excursions of a Book Lover" Mr. Frederick Rowland Marvin seems to suggest "Gone to the paper makers," but he himself sends no book thither but lovingly preserves and uses his literary possessions. He has his own way of doing this and he hardly approves of many other ways, and indeed in his first paper he testifies to his disapproval of the Catholic faith, of Dr. Hale's patriotic conscientiousness, as shown in "The Man without a Country," and of the unbelief of Octavius Brooks Frothingham, but he loves books, "in the abstract," and the second paper, *Literary Fame*, is packed with good anecdotes. It contains a list of single poems which have made names for their authors, but although he includes "Mr. Smith" he omits her whom Dr. Holmes called the other best known American author, Mrs. Brown, and he says things of the Brownings not to be approved by their followers. It will be observed that Mr. Marvin is not in the least sheeplike in choosing his road, and this independence makes his book agreeable reading. "Book Dedications" reproduces much amusing quaintness, and much careful elegance; "Authors and Publishers" preserves many good stories, "Ethan Brand" is a somewhat grisly discussion of suicide and the closing paper, "At Last the Silent Majority," gives cause for a few shudders. Under the title *Holographs* are included many interesting letters which are among Mr. Marvin's choice possessions. They could not be in hands more careful or more properly appreciative of their value. Sherman French & Co.

Mr. Nathan William MacChesney has performed a noble work in bringing together the mass of loving and reverent eulogy included in his "Abraham Lincoln, the Tribute of a Century." Every city and every organization concerned in rendering this tribute has been to a certain extent so absorbed in its work as to be somewhat blind to that effected by others, and few are they who will not be surprised by the number of important formal commemorations and by the multitudes engaged in them. All classes and professions everywhere united to praise the great, true citizen and patriot, and the arts did their utmost to show his real self to posterity. Those who are curious in these matters may find it interesting to note the resemblance between the frontispiece of the book, reproducing in photograph Mr. Borglum's colossal head of Lincoln and the countenance of a late accomplished actor whose lifelong task was to shape his features to suggest the highest tragic emotion. Apparently, if Mr. Borglum have rightly seen his subject, life and the arduous performance of a work only half appreciated wrought the same effect on the face of the unconscious Lincoln, as Irving effected upon his own. Besides the frontispiece the book contains photographs of both the St. Gaudens statues, many reproduced manuscripts and many interesting views, and thus its collection of some fifty speeches and poems is fittingly illustrated. Perhaps it may not be improper to suggest that, if only for its value as American patriotic literature, this book should be in all school libraries, and in all the libraries provided for soldiers and sailors. The editor, who was Secretary of the Chicago Lincoln Centennial Memorial Committee of One Hundred, should not find his countrymen indifferent to his work in honor of the first martyred President. A. C. McClurg & Co.